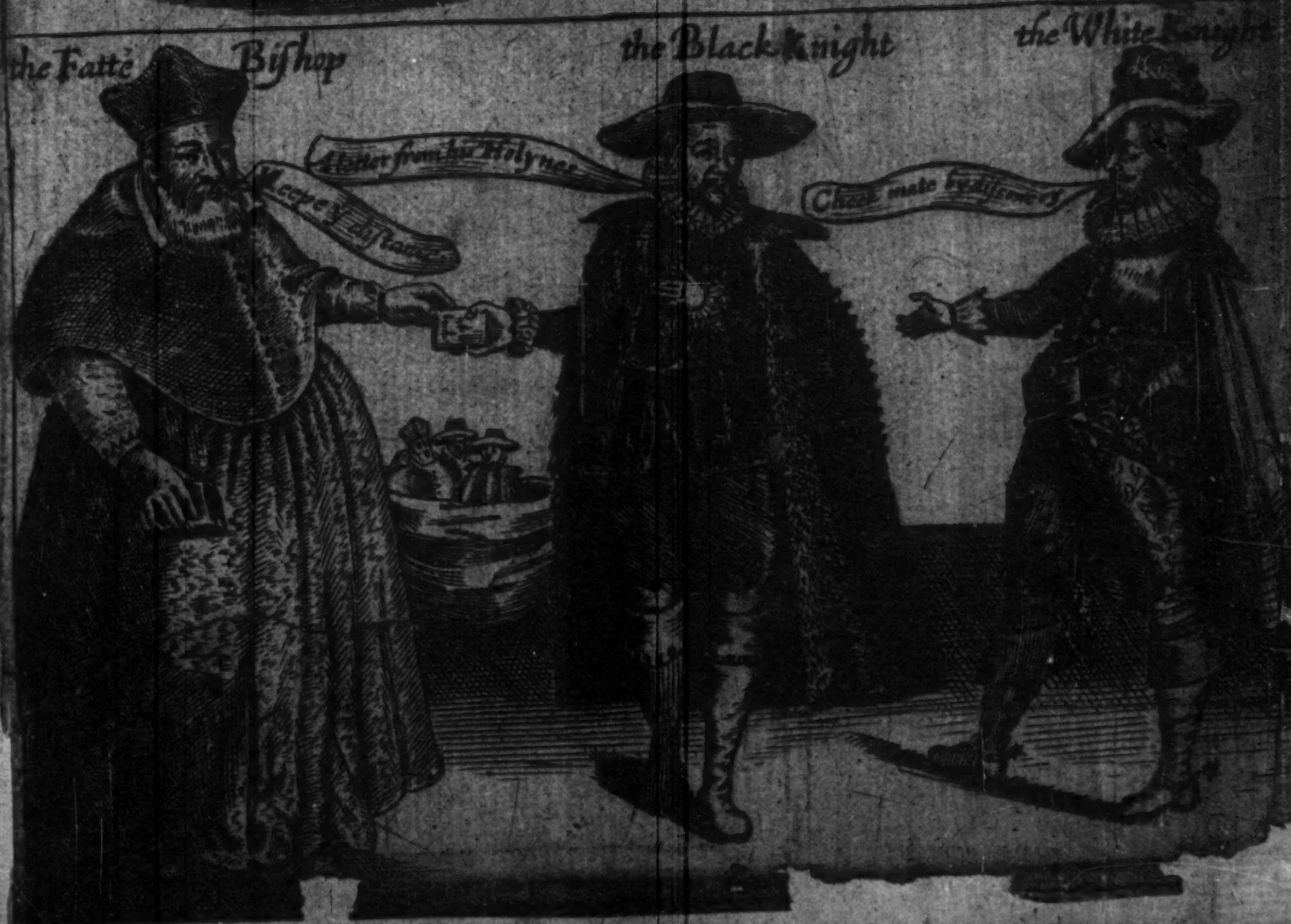


# Game at Chess as it was Acted nine days together at the Globe

The Black House | on the banks side | The White House





Attest at Chertsey 22<sup>nd</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> 1781  
I have taken the following  
to be the true and correct  
copy of the original  
as the same is now  
in the possession of  
the said Chertsey





---

The Picture plainly explained, after the  
manner of the Chess-play.

A Game at Chess is here displayde,  
Betweene the *Blacke* and *White-House* made,  
Wherein Crowne-thirsting Policy,  
For the *Blacke-House* (by Falacy)  
To the *White-Knight*, checke, often giues,  
And, to some straites, him thereby driues ;  
The *Fat-Blacke-Bishop* help's also.  
With faithlesse heart to giue the blow :  
Yet (maugre all their craft) at length,  
The *White Knight*, with wit-wondrous strength ;  
And circumspectiue Prudency,  
Giues Check-mate by Discouery  
To the *Blacke Knight* ; and so at last  
The game (thus) won, the *Blacke-House* cast  
Into the Bagge, and therein shut,  
Finde all their plumes and Cokes-combes cut.  
Plaine-dealing (thus) by wisedomes guide,  
Defeats the cheats of Craft and Pride.

---

Prologue.

What of the Game, cald Chess-play can be made.  
To make a Stage-Play, shall this day be plaid.  
First, you shall see the men in order set,  
States, and their Pawns, when both the sides are met :  
The Houses well distinguish't : In the Game  
Some men entrapt, and taken to their shame,  
Rewarded by their Play : And in the Close  
You shall see Checque-Mate giuen to Vertues Foes.  
But the fairest Jewell, that our hopes can decke,  
Is, so to play our Game, & auoid your Checke.







# A Game at Chesse.

## *The Induction.*

*Ignatius Loyola appearing,*

*Error at his feete as asleepe.*

*Ignatius.*

**H**A? where? what Angle of the world is this;  
That I can neither see the politicke face,  
Nor with my refined nostrills taste the foot-steps,  
Of any of my Disciples, sonnes and heires  
As well of my designs, as institutions,  
I thought they'd spread ouer the World by this time,  
Couered the earths face, and made darke the land,  
Like the Egyptian Grasse-hoppers,  
Here's too much light appeares, shot from the eyes  
Of Truth and Goodnesse, neuer yet defloured:  
Sure they were neuer here, then is their Monarchy  
Vnperfect yet: A iult reward I see  
For their ingratitude so long to mee,  
Their father and founder;  
'Tis not five yeares since I was saluted by'em,  
Where slept my honour all the time before?  
Could they be so forgetfull to cannonize  
Their prosperous Institutor, when they had saluted  
They found no roome in all their Kallender  
To place my name, that should haue remoued Princes,  
Pul'd the most eminent Prelates by the rootes vp,

B

For



## *A Game at Chesse.*

For my deare comming, to make way for me,  
Lets euerie pettie martire, and Saint Homile,  
Roch, Main, and Pecronel, itch, and Ague curers,  
Your Abbessie Alde-gund, and Cuney-gund;  
The Widdow Marcell, Person Policary,  
Sissie and Vrsie, all take place of me;  
And but for the *Bissextile*, or Leape-yeare;  
And that's but one in three, I fall by chance,  
Into the nine and twentieth day of *February*:  
There were no roome else for me; see their loue,  
Their conscience too, trust me a lame Souldier  
In-to-Leape-yeare: My wrath's vp, and me thinks  
I could with the first syllable of my name,  
Blow vp their Colledges: vp *Error*, awake  
Father of Superogation rise:  
It is *Ignatius* calls thee, *Loyolla*.

*Error*, What haue you done? oh I could sleep in ignorance  
Immortality, the slumber is so pleasing.  
I saw the brauest setting for a game now,  
That euer my eie fixt on.

*Igna*. Game: what Game?

*Error*. The noblest Game of all, *A Game at Chesse*,  
Betwixt our side, and the *White House*, the men set  
In their iust order, ready to goe to it.

*Igna*. Were any of my lonnes plac't for the Game?

*Error*. Yes: and a daughter too, a secular daughter  
That plaies the *Blacke Quenes* pawne, he the *Black Bishops*.

*Igna*. If euer power cold shew a maisterie in thee,  
Let it appeare in this.

*Error*. 'Tis but a Dreame,  
A vision you must thinke.

*Igna*. I care not what,  
So I behold the Children of my cunning,  
And see what ranke they keepe,

*Error*. You haue your wish:  
Behold ther's the full number of the Game,  
Kings and their Pawns, *Queenes*, *Bishops*, *Knights* and *Dukes*.

*Igna*.



## *A Game at Chesse.*

*Igna.* Dukes they're cald Rookes by some.

*Error.* Corruptiuely :

Le roch, the word custodie de La Roch,  
The keeper of the forts in whom both Kings  
Repose much confidence, and for their trust sake,  
Courage and worth do well deserue those titles.

*Igna.* Thy answer's high, see my son and daughter.

*Er.* Those are two pawnes the *black Queen, & black Bishops.*

*Igna.* Pawnes argue but poore spirits, and light performents:  
Nor worthie of the name of my Disciples :  
If I had stood so nigh I would haue cut  
That Bishops throat, but I'd haue had his place ;  
And told the Queene a loue tale in her eare,  
Would haue made her best pulce daunce, there's elixar  
Of braine, and spirit amongst em.

*Error.* Why? would you haue em play against themselves.  
That's quite against the Game (*Ignatius.*)

*Igna.* Pish, I would rule my selfe, not obserue rule.

*Err.* Why you would play a game all by your selfe.

*Igna.* I would do any thing to rule alone,  
Tis rare to haue the world rulde in by one.

*Err.* See'em anon, and view em in their play,  
Obserue as in a dance they glide away.

*Igna.* Oh with what longing will this brest be tost,  
Vntill I see this great Game won and lost.



# A Game at Chesse.

## *Actus Prima, Scœna Prima.*

*Enter from the Blacke-house, the Blacke Queenes Pawne.  
From the White-house, the White Queenes Pawne.*

*Blacke Queenes pawne.*

**I** Neuer see that face, but my pittie rises,  
When I behold so cleare a Maister-peece  
Of Heauens arte, wrought out of dust and ashes,  
In that not ours, but the Daughter of Heresie:  
My soule bleeds at mine eyes.

*White Q. pawne.* Where shoul I truth speake  
If not in such a sorrow? they're teares plainly:  
Besbrew me if she weepe not hartily?  
What is my peace to her to take such paynes in't?  
If I wander to losse, and with broad eyes  
Yet misse the path she ranne blind-fold in.  
(Through often exercise) why shold my ouer-sight,  
Though in the game that ere Christian lost,  
Rayse the least spring of pittie in her eye,  
Tis doubtlesse a great charity, and no vertue,  
Could winne me surer.

*Blacke Q. P.* Blessed things preuaile with't;  
If euer goodnesse made a gracious promise,  
It is in yonder looke, what little paines  
Would build a Fort for vertue to all memory  
In that sweet creature, were the ground-worke firmer.

*White Q. P.* It has beene all my glory to be firme,  
In what I haue profest.

*Blacke Q. P.* That is the enemy

That



*Game at Chesse.*

That steales your strength away, and fights against you,  
Disarmes your soule, even in that heate of battle:  
Your firmnes that way, makes you more infirme,  
For the right Christian conflict: there I spied  
A zealous primitiue sparkle, but now flew,  
From your deuoted eyes:

Able to bow vp all the Herelics  
That euer sate in Councell with your spirit;  
And here comes he whose Sanctimonious breath,  
Can make that sparke a flame: list to him (virgin)  
At whose first entrance Princes will prostrate:  
Weomen are weaker Vessells.

*Enter the  
blacke Bi-  
shops pawne*

*White Q. p.* By my pænitence  
A comely presentation, and the habit  
To admiration reuerend.

*B. Q. p.* But the heart, the heart Lady  
Someeke, that as you see good Charity pictured still  
With young ones in her armes, so will hee cherish  
All his young tractable sweete obedient daughters  
E'ene in his armes, in his owne bosome,  
I am my selfe a secular Iesuiteesse,  
As many Ladies are of worth and greatnesse,  
A second sort are Iesuits in *voto*,  
Giuing their vow into the father generall:  
That's the Blacke Bishop of our house, whose pawne  
This Gentleman now stands, now to receiue  
The Colledge habit at his holy pleasure.

*W. Q. p.* But how are these in *voto* employed (Lady)  
Till they receiue the habit.

*Blacke Q. p.* They're not idle,  
Hee findes 'em all true labourers in the worke  
Of vniuerfall Monarchy, which hee  
And his Disciples princially ayme at.  
Those are maintayned in many Courts and Pallaces,  
And are induc'd by noble Personages,  
Into great Princes seruices, and prooue  
Some Counsellors of State, some Secretaries:



## *A Game at Chesse.*

All seruing in notes of intelligence :  
(As Parish Clerkes,) their mortuary bills,  
To the father Generall, so are designes  
Often times preuented, and importinant secrets  
Of state discouered, yet no author found,  
But those suspected oft that are most sound :  
This mistery is too deepe, yet for your entrance,  
And I offend to set your zeale so backe,  
Checkt by Obedience, with desire to hasten  
Your grogresse to perfection, I commit you  
To the great workers hands, to whose graue worth  
I fit my reuerence, as to you my wishes.

*Blacke B.p.* Dost finde her supple?

*Blacke Q.p.* There's a little passage made.

*Blacke B.p.* Let me contemplate,  
With wholly wonder season my accessse;  
And by degrees approach the Sanctuary  
Of vnmatcht beauty, set in grace and goodnesse  
Amongst the daughters of men I haue not found  
A more Cathalecall aspect, that eye  
Dos promise single life and meeke Obedience.  
Vpon those lips the sweete fresh buds of youth,  
The holy dew of prayer lies like pearle,  
Dropt from opening eye-lids of the morne,  
Vppon the bashfull Rose, how beautiously  
A gentle fast not rigorously imposed,  
Would looke vpon that cheek, and how delightfull  
The courteous Physicke of a tender pennance,  
Whose vtmost cruelty should not exceed  
The first feare of a bride to beate downe frailty,  
Would worke to sound health your long festred iudgement,  
And make your merrit well (through erring ignorance  
Appeares but spotted righteousnessse to me,  
Farre clearer then the innocence of Infants.

*White Q.p.* To the good worke I bowe and will become,  
Obedience humblest daughter, scythence I finde  
The assistance of a sacred strength to ayde me:

The



## *A Game at Chess.*

The labour is as easie to serue vertue  
The right way since, 'tis she I euer serued  
In my desire, though I transgress in iudgment.

*Black B. p.* It's easily absolued amongst the rest,  
You shall not finde the vertue, that you serue now  
A sharpe and cruell mistresse, her care's open  
To all your supplications; you may boldly  
And safely let in the most secret sinne  
Into her knowledge, which like vanisht man  
Neuer returnes into the World agen:  
Fate lookes not vp more trulier,

*White Q. p.* To the guilty,  
That may appeare some benifit.

*Blacke B. p.* Who so innocent  
That neuer stands in neede on't in some kinde?  
If euery thought were blabb'd that's so confest,  
The very ayre we breath would be imblest:  
Now to the worke indeed; which is to catch  
Her inclination, that's the speciall vse  
We make of all our practise in all Kingdomes  
For my disclosing their most secret frailties,  
Things which once ours, they must not hide from vs.  
That's the first article in the Creede we teach 'em,  
Finding to what poynt their blood most inclines,  
Know best to apt them, then to our designs:  
Daughter the sooner you disperse your Errors,  
The sooner you make haste to your discouerie,  
You must part with 'em, to be nice or modest.  
Towards this good action, is to imitate  
The bashfulnesse of one conceales an vltier,  
For the vncornely parts that tumor vexes,  
Til't be past cure. Resolue you thus faire (Lady)  
The priuatst thought that runnes to hide it selfe,  
In the most secret corner of your heart, now  
Must be of my acquaintance, so familiarlie  
Neuer she friend of yours might counsell neerer.

*White Q. p.* I stand not much in feare of any account

*Guilty*



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Guilty of that blacke crime (most noble holinesse,)  
I must confesse as in a sacred Temple,  
Throng'd with an auditorie, some come rather  
To feede on humane object, then to taste  
Of Angells foode.

So in the Congregation of quicke thoughts  
Which are more infinite, then such assemblies,  
I cannot for truths safely speake for all:  
Some haue bin wandrers, some sinful, some found:  
But those found euer poore entertainment.

They'd encouragement to come againe,  
The single life which strongly I professe now:  
Heauen pardon me, I was about to part from.

*Black B. p.* Then you haue past through loue?

*White Q. p.* But left no staine  
In all my passage (Sir) no print of wrong;  
For the most chaste maide that may trace my foot-steps.

*Black B. p.* How came you off so cleare?

*White Q. p.* I was discharged  
By an inhumaine accident, which modesty  
Forbids me to put any language too.

*B. B. p.* How you forget your selfe? all actions  
Clad in their proper language, though most forded  
My care is bound by duty to let in,  
And locke vp euerlastingly: Shall I helpe you;  
Hee was not found to answere his creation?  
A vestall Virgin in a slip of prayer,  
Could noi deliuer mans losse modestier:  
T was the White Bishops pawne.

*White Q. p.* The same (blest Sir)

*Black B. p.* An Heriticke well pickled.

*White Q. p.* By base treachery,  
And violence prepared by the Competitor:  
The blacke Knights pawne whom I shal euer hate for't.

*Black B. p.* T was of reuenge the most vnmanlist way  
That euer riual tooke, a villaine  
That for your sake ile neuer absolue him off.

*White Q. p.*



## *A Game at Chesse.*

*White Q. p.* I wish not so heavy.

*Blacke B. p.* Hee must feele it,  
I neuer yet gaue absolution  
To any crime of that vnmatring nature:  
It seemes you refuse him for defect,  
That other women haue in the ends of marriage:  
Pardon my boldnesse, if I list your goodnesse  
To the last graine.

*W. Q. p.* I reuerence your paynes (Sir)  
And must confesse, custome to enioy  
What other women challenge and possesse,  
More ruld me then desire: for my desires  
Dwell all in Ignorance, and Ile neuer wish  
To know that fond way, may redeem them thence.

*B. B. p.* I neuer was so taken, beset dubly  
Now with her iudgment what a strength it puts forth,  
I bring worke neerer to you, when you haue seene  
A maister-peece of man, composed by Heauen  
For a great Princes fauor, kingdomes loue:  
So exact Enuy could not finde a place  
To sticke a blot on person, or on fame:  
Haue you not found ambition swel your wishes then?  
And desire stirre your blood.

*W. Q. p.* By vertue neuer:  
I haue onely in the dignity of the creature,  
Admired the workes glory.

*B. B. p.* She's impregnable,  
A second siedge must not fall off so tamely:  
She's one of those must be informed to know  
A daughters duty which some take vntaught;  
Her modesty brings her behind hand much,  
My old meanes I must flye too, yes 'tis it,  
Please you peruse this small tract of Qbedience,  
'Twill helpe you forward well.

*W. Q. p.* (Sir) that is a vertue:  
I haue euer thought on with especial reuerence.

*B. B. p.* You will conceiue by that,



## Game at Chesse.

My power & our duty.

*Enter White Bishops pawne.*

*W. B. p.* What makes yond troubler of all Christian water,  
So neere yond blessed spring? but I know  
Her goodnesse is the rocke from whence it issues.  
Vnmouable as fate, 'twould more afflict me  
Then all my sufferings for her, which so long  
As she holds constant to the house she come off,  
The whitnesse of the cause, the side, the quality  
Are sacrifices to her worth and vertue,  
And though confined in my religious ioyes,  
I marry her and possesse her. *Ent. the B. Kt. pawne.*

*B. B. p.* Behold Lady,  
The two inhuman enemies, the black Knights pawne,  
And the white Bishops, the gelder and the gelded.

*W. Q. p.* There's my griefe, my hate.

*B. B. p.* What? in the Iesuites fingers? by this hand,  
Ile giue my part now for a Parrats feather,  
Shee neuer returnes vertuous, 'tis impossible:  
Ile vndertake, more wagers will be layd  
Vpon a Vsurers returne from hell,  
Then vpon hers from him now: haue I bin guilty  
Of such base malice, that my very conscience  
Shakes at the memory of it, and when I looke  
To gather fruit find nothing but the Sauin tree:  
Too frequent in Nunnes Orchards, and there planted  
By all coniecture to destroy fruite rather,  
I wilbe resolu'd now most noble Virgine.

*W. Q. p.* Ignoble villaine, dare that vnhalloved tongue  
Eay hold vpon a sound so gracious,  
What's noblenesse to thee, or virgine Chastity?  
They're not of thy acquaintance, talke of violence,  
That shames creation, deeds would make night blush  
That's company for thee, hast thou the impudence  
To court me with the Leprosie vpon thee,  
Able to infect the walls of a great building.

*B. B. p.* Some of offence forbear, go set your diuell  
Before your eyes, a penitentiall vesture,

Would



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Would better become yee, some shirt of haire.

*B. B. p.* And you a three pound smocke, steed of an Abbey,  
An Epicene Cassible, this holy fellow  
Robs safst and close, I feele a sting that's worse too:  
White pawne, hast so much Charity to accept  
A reconcilment, make thy owne conditions,  
For I begin to be extreameely burthned.

*W. B. p.* No truth, no peace, of that blacke house, protest  
Is to be trusted, but for hope of acquittance,  
And warned by difference, I may intrap him soonest,  
I admit conference.

*B. Kt. p.* It is a noblenesse  
That makes confusion cleaue to all my merriits.

*B. B. p.* That treatise will instruct you fully.

*B. Kt.* So, so,

*Enter blacke Knight.*

The businesse of the Vniuersall Monarchy  
Goes forward well now, the Colledge pot  
That should be alwayes boyling with the fuell,  
Of all intelligencers possible,  
Through the Christian Kingdome is this fellow  
Our prime incendiary? one of those  
That promis'd the white Kingdome seauen yeares since  
To our blacke-house, put a new daughter to him,  
The great worke-flaues, he minds nor Monarchy  
Nor Hererazie (diuiner principallities) I brag lesse,  
But haue done more then all the conclaue on'em  
Take their assistant fathers in all parts:  
I, or their father generall in to boote:  
And what I haue pone, I haue done factiously  
With pleasant subtilty, and bewitching court-ship,  
Abuse all my beleeuers with delight,  
They tooke comfort to be coufined by me,  
To many a soule I haue let in mortall poyson,  
Whose cheekes haue crackt with laughter to receiue it,  
I could so roule my pills in sugred syllables,  
And strew such kindly mirth o're all my mischiefe,  
They tooke their baine in way of recreation,



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Ale asure steales corruption into youth,  
Hsee spies me now, I trust vphold his reuerence,  
Especially in publique (though I know)  
*Pryapus* guardian of the cherry Gardens:  
*Bacchus* and *Venus* chit is not more vitious.

*B. B. p.* Blessings accumulation keep with you (fir.)

*B. Kt.* Honors d simulation be your due (fir.)

*W. Q. p.* How deep in duty in obseruance plunge?  
His charge must needes be reuerend.

*B. B. p.* I am Confessor  
To this *Black Knight* too, you see deuotion's fruitfull,  
Sh'as many sonnes and daughters.

*B. Kt.* I do this the more,  
To maze our aduersaries to behold,  
The reuerence we giue these great ones,  
And to beget a sound opinion  
Of holinesse in them, and zeale in vs;  
As also to enuite the like obedience  
In other pupills, by our meeke example:  
So, is your trifle gone?

*B. B. p.* Trifle call you her, it's a good game (fir)  
Sure she's the second pawne of the White house,  
And to the opening of the game I hold her.

*B. Kt.* I you hold well: for that I know your play  
Of old, if there were more *Queenes pawns* you'd plye  
The game a great deale harder (now fir we're in priuat)  
But what for the maine worke, the great existance?  
The hope Monarchall?

*B. B. p.* It goes on in this.

*B. Kt.* In this? I cannot see't.

*B. B. p.* So you may deny  
A Dyalls motion, 'cause you cannot see  
The hand mooue, or a wind that rends the Cedars.

*B. Kt.* Where stops the current of the intelligence;  
Your father generall Bishop of the blacke-house,  
Complaines for want of worke.

*B. B. p.* Here's from all parts

Sufficient



## A Game at Chesse.

Sufficient to to imploy him, I receiu'd  
A packet from the assistant fathers lately,  
Looke you ther's *Anglica*, this *Gallica*.

B. Kt. I marry (sir) ther's some quicke flesh in this.

B. B. p. *Germanica*.

B. Kt. Thinke they'n seald this with butter.

B. B. p. *Italica* this

B. Kt. They put their pens the hebrew way me thinks,

B. B. p. *Hispanica* there.

B. Kt. *Hispanica*, blinde word this,  
The Iesuite hath writ this with iuce of Leamons sure  
It must be held close to the fire of Purgatory  
Ere't can be read.

B. B. p. You will not leaue your iesting (Knight)  
Though it wound your owne fame.

B. Kt. *Curanda pecunia*.

Enter the

B. B. p. Take heede (Sir) we're intrapt. *white Kings pawne*.

B. Kt. He's made our owne (man halfe in *Voto* yours,  
His heart's in the blacke house, leaue him to me,  
Most of all friends indeed pretiously speciall,

*W. Ki. p.* You see my outside, but not my heart,  
Great difference in the colour, there's some intelligence,  
And as more ripenesse, so your knowledge stil  
Shall prooue the richer, there shall nothing happen  
(Beleeue't) to extenuate your cause.

Or to oppresse her fr,ends, but I will striue  
To crosse it with my counsel, purse and power  
Keepe all supplies both in meanes and men,  
That may raise against you, we must part,  
I dare not longer of this theame discusse,  
The care of State is quicke and iealious.

B. Kt. Excellent estimation, thou art valu'd  
Aboue the fleece of gold, that came short home,  
Poore Iesuite, ridden soule, how art thou foold  
Out of thy faith, from thy allegiance drawne,  
Which way lo ere thou takest, thou'rt the lost Pawne.

*Finit Actus Primus*



## A Game at Chess.

*Incipit Secundus.*

*Enter White Queenes Pawne, with a booke  
in her hand.*

*White Queenes Pawne.*

**A**ND here agen it is the daughters duty  
To obey her fessors commaund in all things  
Without exception, or expostulations;  
Tis the most generall rule that ere I heard of:

Yet when I thinke how boundlesse vertue is,  
Goodnesse and grace lies gently reconciled,  
And then it appears well to haue the power  
Of the dispenser are's vncircumscrib'de. *Ent. b. B. p.*

*B. B. p.* She's hard vpon't, twas the most modest key  
That I could vse to open my intents,  
What little, or no paines goes to some people:  
Hah? a seald note, whence this,  
To the blacke Bishops pawne these, how to me  
Strange, who subscribes it? the blacke King what would he.

*The Letter.*

**P**Awne sufficiently holy; but immeasurably politicke, Wee had  
late intelligence from our most industrious sernant, famous in  
all parts of Europe, (our Knight of the blacke House) that you  
haue at this instant in chase the white Queenes pawne, and very  
likely by the carriage of your Game to entrap and take her: These  
are therefore to require you (by the burning affection I beare to the  
rape of deuotion) that speedily vpon the surprisall of her, by a ll  
watchfull aduantage, you make some attempt vpon the white  
Queenes person, whose fall or prostitution our most violently  
rages for.

Sir after my desire has tooke a Tulip  
For it's owne inflammation, that yet scorches me,  
I shall haue cooler time to thinke of yours,  
She's past the generall rule of the large extent

Of



## *A Game au Chesse.*

Of our prescription for obedience;  
And yet with what allacrity of soule,  
Her eye mooues on the Letter.

*W. Q. p.* Holy Sir,  
Too long, I haue mist you, oh your absence starues me,  
Hasten for times redemption (worthy Sir)  
Lay your commands as thicke and fast vppon me  
As you can speake em, how I thirst to heare em:  
Set me to worke vpon this spacious vertue,  
Which the poore span of life's, to morrow for  
Boundlesse obedience, the humblest, yet mightiest of all  
Duties, well set her downe a vniuersall goodnesse.

*B. B. p.* By holinesse of garment, her safe innocencie  
Has frighted the full meaning from it selfe,  
She's farre off from vnderstanding now  
The language of my intent, then at first meeting

*W. Q. p.* For vertues sake, good sir,  
Command something,  
Make triall of my duty in some small seruice,  
And as you finde the faith of my obedience there,  
Then trust it with a greater.

*B. B. p.* You speake sweetely,  
I do commaund you first then.

*W. Q.* With what ioy I do prepare my duty.

*B. B. p.* To meete me,  
And seale a kisse of loue vppon my lips,

*W. Q. p.* Hah.

*B. B. p.* At first disobedient in so little too.  
How shall I trust you with a greater then?  
Which was your owne request?

*W. Q. p.* Pray send not backe  
My Innocence to wound me, be more courteous,  
I must confesse much like a ignorant plaintiffe  
Who presuming on the faire path of his meaning  
Goes rashly on, till on a suddaine brought  
Into the wildernesse of Law, by words  
Dropt vnadvisedly, hurts his good cause,

**And**



## *A Game at Chesse.*

And giues the Aduersary aduanrage by it.  
Apply it you can best (sir) if my obedience  
And your command can finde no better way,  
Fond men command, and wantons best obey.

B.B.p. If I can at that distance send you a blessing,  
Is it not neerer to you in my armes :  
It flies abroad from these lihs dealt in parcells,  
And I to honour thee aboue all daughters.  
Invite thee home to the house, where thou mayst surfeit  
On that, which others miserably pine for :  
A fauour which the daughters of great Potentates,  
Would looke of enuies colour but to heare.

W.Q.p. Good men may erre sometimes, you're mistaken,  
Sure if this be vertues path, tis a most strange one,  
I neuer came this way before.

B.B.p. That's your ignorance,  
And therefore shall that edict still conduct you,  
That knowes no way but one, nor euer seekes it,  
Tis strange if vertue should be put to one,  
If there be twenty wayes to some poore Village.  
Your feare is wonderous faulty, cast it from you,  
T'will gather else in time a disobedience,  
Too stubborne for my pardon.

W.Q.p. Haue I lockt my selfe  
At vnawares into sinnes seruitude  
With more desire of goodnesse? is this the tye  
Of all strict order, and the holiest  
Of all societies, the three vowed people  
For Pouerty, Obedience, Chastity :  
The last they most forget, when a Virgines raine  
I see the great worke of Obedience,  
Is better then halfe finisht.

B.B.p. What a stranger,  
Are you to duty growne, what distance keep you,  
Must I bid you come forwards to a happines  
Your selfe should sue for? 't was neuer so with me  
I dare not let this stubborneesse be knowne,

'Twould



### Game at Chesse.

'T would bring such fierce hate on you, yet presume not  
To make that courteous care a preuledge  
For wilfull disobedience, it turnes then  
Into the blacknesse of a curse vpon you,  
Come, come, be neerer.

*W.Q.p.* Neerer?

*B.B.p.* Was that in scorne?  
I would not haue it proued so for the hopes  
Of the great Monarchy, if it were like it,  
Let it not dare to flye abroad agen,  
A stronger I will coape with't.

*W.Q.p.* Blesse me, threatnes me,  
And quite dismayes the good strength that should  
Helpe me. I neuer was so doubtfull of my safety.

*B.B.p.* 'T was but my ieaiousie, forgiue me (sweetnes)  
Yours is the house of meeknesse, and no veonome liues  
Vnder that rooffe, be neerer; why so fearefull?  
Neerer the Altar the more safe and sacred.

*W.Q.p.* But neerer the offerors oft more wicked.

*B.B.p.* A plaine and most insufferable contempt,  
My glory I haue lost vpon this woman,  
In freely offering that she should haue knel'd  
A yeare in vaine for: my respect is darkned,  
Giue me my reuerence agen thou hast rob'd me off  
In thy repulse, thou shalt not carry it hence.

*W.Q.p.* (Sir.)

*B.B.p.* Thou'rt too great a winner to depart;  
And I too deepe a looser to giue way to't.

*W.Q.p.* Oh Heauen!

*B.B.p.* Lay me downe reputation,  
Before thou sturft thy nice Virginity  
Is recompence too little for my loue.  
'Tis well if I accept of that for both,  
Thy losse is but thine owne, there's arte to helpe thee,  
And fooles to passe thee to; in my discovery



## *A Game at Chesse.*

The whole society suffers and in that,  
The hope of absolute Monarchy eclips't,  
Assurance thou canst make me none for thy secrecy,  
But by thy honors losse, that act must awe thee.

*W. Q. p.* Oh my distrest condition.

*B. B. p.* Dost weepe?

If thou hadst any pittie, this necessity  
Would wring it from thee, I must else destroy thee:  
We must not trust the policy of *Europe*,  
Vppon a womans tongue.

*W. Q. p.* Then take my life (Sir)  
And leaue my honor for to guide me to Heauen.

*B. B. p.* Take heede I take not both which I haue vowed  
Since, if longer thou resist.

*W. Q. p.* Helpe, oh helpe.

*B. B. p.* Art thou so cruell for an honors bable:  
To vndo a whole fraternity, and disperse  
The secrets of most nations lock't in vs?

*W. Q. p.* For Heauen and vertues sake

*A noyse within*

*B. W. p.* Must force confound noyse?

Hah, what's that? silence (if faire worth be in thee)

*W. Q. p.* Ile venture my escape on all dangers now,

*B. B. p.* Who comes to take me, let me see that pawns face,  
Or his proud tympanous Mas-well with state winde,  
Which being once prick't in the Convocation house,  
The corrupt ayre puffes out, and he falls shrueld.

*W. Q. p.* I will discover the Arch-hypocrite,  
To all the kinreds of the earth.

*B. B. p.* Confusion in that voyce,  
Rings the alarm of my vndoing,  
How, which way scap'st she from me?

*Enter blacke*

*Queenes pawne.*

*B. Q. p.* Are you mad?

Can lust insatuate a man so hopefull?  
No patience in your blood: the dog-starre raines sure,  
Time, and fire temper would haue wrought her

*Plaint*



## *A Game at Chesse.*

**Pliant :** I spi'd a Pawne of the white House walke neere vs,  
And made that noyse of purpose to giue warrant  
For mine owne turne: which ends in all I worke for.

**B.B.p.** Methinkes I stand ouer a powder vault,  
And the match now a kindling: what's to be done?  
'Tis his owne case, he will defend you mainely,  
And happily here he comes with the black Knight too.

*Enter Blacke Bishop, and blacke Knight.*

**B.B.** Oh you made noble worke for the white house  
This act will fill the aduersaryes mouth,  
And blow the Luthrens cheeks, tilt cracke agen.

**B.Kt.** This will aduance the state Monarchal businesse  
In all parts well, and helpe the agents forward,  
Which I haue seauen yeares laboured to accomplish.  
One minute sets back by some god-peece Coledge stil.

**B.B.p.** I dwell not (fir) alone in this default,  
The blacke house yeelds me partners.

**B.B.** All more cautelous.

**B.Kt.** *Qui cante, caste*, that's my Motto still,  
Iue trauailed with that word ouer most Kingdomes,  
And laine safe with most nations on a leaking bottom  
I haue beene as often tost on Venus seas  
As trymer, and fresher barkes, when sounder vessels  
Haue layne at anchor, that is kept the doore.

**B.B.** She has no witnesse then?

**B.Kt.** Grosse witnesse, when went one of his sociery?  
To mischiefe with a witnesse?

**B.B.** I haue don't then,  
Away vpon the wings of speed, take post horse,  
Cast thirty leagues of earth behinde thee suddenly,  
Leaue letters ante-dated at our house,  
Ten dayes at least from this.

**B.Kt.** Bishop I taste thee,  
Good strong Episcopall counsell, take a bottle on't,  
Twill serue thee all thy iourney.

**D 2**

**B.B.**



## *A Game at Chesse.*

*B. B. p.* But good (sir) how,  
For my getting for the vnspied?

*B. B.* There's Checke agen.

*B. Q. p.* No, Ile helpethat.

*B. Kt.* Well sayd my bouncing Iesuiteffe.

*B. Q. p.* There lies a secret valt.

*B. Kt.* Away, make haft then.

*B. B. p.* Runne for my Cabinet of intelligences,  
For feare they search the house, good Bishop burn'em,  
I cannot stand to picke 'em now.

*B. B.* Begone the dangers all in you.

*B. Kt.* Let me see Queenes pawne,  
How formerly has packt vp his intelligences,  
H'as laid them all in truckell beds (me thinkes)  
And like Court harbingers has writ the names  
In Chalke vpon their Chambers: *Anglica*,  
Oh this is the English house, what newes there trow?  
Hah by this hand most of these are bawdy epistles,  
Time they were burnt indeed, whole bundles of 'em:  
Here's from his daughter *Blanch* & daughter *Bridget*:  
From the safe sanctuary in the *White-Friers*:  
Those from two tender sisters of compassion,  
In the bowels of *Blomsbury*:  
These three from the Nonnery in *Drury lane*:  
A fire, a fire, (go Iesuitefle) a fire:  
What haue you there?

*B. B.* A note (sir) of State policy,  
And an exceeding safe one.

*B. Kt.* Pray let's see it (Sir)  
To sell away all the powder in the Kingdome,  
To preuent blowing vp, that's safe, ile able it:  
Here's a factious obseruation now,  
That suits my humor better, he writes here  
Some wiues in *England* will commit adultery,  
And then send to Roome for a bull for their husbands.

*B. B.* Haue they those shifts?

*B. Kt.*



## *A Game at Chesse.*

*B. Kt.* Oh no familiarity breathing  
Sweeter, here wench take those papers,  
Schorch em foundly, burne em to French russet,  
And put em, in agen.

*B. B.* Why, what's your mystery?

*B. Kt.* Oh (sir) 'twill mocke the aduersary strangely,  
If ere the house be searcht, 'twas done in *Venis*  
Vppon the Iesuiticall expulse there,  
Where the Inquesitors came all specktacl'd  
To picke out syllables out of the dung of treason,  
(As children pick their cherry-stones) yet found none;  
But what they made themselues with ends of letters.  
Do as I bid you Pawne.

*Ent. B. Knights pawne.*

*B. Q. p.* Faith not in all,  
I loue rogarie too well to let it fall:  
How now, what newes with you?

*B. Kt. p.* The sting of conscience  
Afflicts me so for that inhumane violence,  
On the ~~White~~ bishops Pawne, it takes away  
My ioy, my rest.

*B. Q. p.* This 'tis to make an Eunuch,  
You made a sport on't then.

*B. Kt. p.* Cease agreuation,  
I come to be obsolu'd for't, where is my Confessor,  
Why do'st thou point to the ground?

*B. Q. p.* 'Cause he went that way:  
Come, come, helpe me in with this Cabinet,  
He tell thee a strange Story.

*B. Kt. p.* If't be sad, tis welcome.

*B. Q. p.* Tis not much troubled with mirth, sir. *Ex.*

*Enter Fat bishop, with his Pawne.*

*Fat B. Pawne.*

*B. p.* I attend at your great holinesse seruice?

*F. B.* For great, I grant you, but greatly holy,  
There the sold alters fat Cathedrall bodies,



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Have very often leane, little soules,  
Much like the Lady in the Lobsters head,  
A great deale of shell and garbage of all colours,  
But for the pure part, that should take wings and mount  
That's at last gaspe, as if a man should gape,  
And from a huge bulke let forth a butter-flye,  
Likethose big-bellied mountaines, which the Poet  
Deliuers, that are brought to bed with mans flesh,  
Are my booke Printed pawne, my last inuictiues against  
Against the blacke-house?

*F. B. p.* Ready for publication:

For I saw perfect bookes this morning (sir.)

*F. B.* Fetch me a few, which I will instantly  
Distribute amongst the White-house.

*F. B. p.* With all speede (sir.)

*F. B.* Tis a most Lordly life to rayle at ease,  
Set, eate, and drinke vpon the fat of one Kingdome;  
And rayle vpon an other with the iuce on't:  
I haue writ this booke out of the strength and marrow  
Of six and thirty dishes at a meale:  
But most on't out of cullishe of Cocke sparrowes,  
Twill sticke and glew the faster to the aduersary,  
Twill slit the roote of their-most Caluish cause,  
And yet I eate but little butchers meate  
In the conception:

Of all things I commend the White-house best,  
For plenty and variety of victualls:

When I was one of the blacke-house profest,  
My flesh fell halfe a Cubit, time to revolt,

When my owne ribs revolted; but to say truth,  
I haue no preferment yet, that's suteable

To the greatnesse of my person and my parts:

I grant I liue at ease, for I am made

The Maister of the beds, the long acre of beds:

But there's no Marie-gold, that shuts and opens,

Flower



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Flower gentlee *Venis* borth, apples of loue,  
Pinckes, Hyanthes, Honie-suckles, Daffa-down-dillies,  
There was a time I'd much more brab then beds,  
Now I'ue more beds, then drabs:

Yet there's no eminent trader deales in whole-sayle;

But she and I haue clap a barging vp,

Let in at water-gate, for which I haue rackt

My tennants purse-strings, that then'ue twang'd agen:

Yonder blacke Knight, the Fistula of *Europe*,

*Enter b. B.*

Whose disease once I vnderooke to cure,

*with b. Kt.*

With a high Holborne halter, when he last

Vouchsaf't to peepe into my priuiledged lodgings

He saw good store of plate, and rich hangings:

He knew I brought none to the White-house with me,

I haue not lost the vse of my profession,

Since I turned White-house bishop:

*Ent. Pawne*

*B. Kt.* Looke, more bookes yet?

*with bookes.*

Yonder greasie gormundizing Prelate

Does worke our house more mischief by his scripts,

His fat and fulsome Volumes,

Then the wholebody of the aduers party.

*B. B.* Oh'twere a Master-peece of serpent subtilty  
To fetch him a this side agen.

*B. Kt.* And then damme him  
Into the bag for euer, or expose him

Against the aduerse party, which now he feeds on;

And that would double dam him, my reuenge

Has prompted me already, ile confound him

A both sides for the phisicke he prouided,

And the base Chyrurgion he invented for me,

Ile tell you what a most vncutholicall ieast

He put vpon me once when my paine tortur'd me,

He told me he had found a present cure for me,

Which I grew proude on, and obseru'd him seriously,

What thinke you 'twas, being execution day,

*Hee*



## A Game at Chesse.

He shewd the Hangman to me out at window,  
The common Hangman.

B. B. Ile make him the baloom ball,  
Of the Churches.

And both the sides shall tosse him, he lookes like one,  
A thing sweld vp with mingled drinke and wine,  
And will bound well from one side to another.

Come, you shall write our second bishopsd ead  
Which has yet no imployment in the Game  
Perhaps nor euer shall, it may be wonne  
Without his motion, it rest in ours:

He shall be flattered with *Sede vacant*,  
Make him beleue he comes into his place,  
And that will fetch him with a vengeance to vs,  
For I know powder is not more ambitious,  
When the match meet it, then his minde for mounting  
As *Conctous* and *Leacherous*.

B. B. No more, now (Sir) both the sides fill.

W. Ki. This ha's bin look't for long.

F. B. The stronger sting it shootes into the bloud  
Of the blacke aduersary, I'm asham'd now,  
I was theirs euer, what a Lumpe was I?  
When I was led in ignorance and blindnesse?  
I must confesse I'ue all my life time playd  
The Foole, till now.

B. Ki. And now he plaies two parts, the foole and knaue.

F. B. Ther's my recantation in the last leafe.  
Wer't like a *Ciceronian* in pure Latain.

VV. B. Pure honesty, the better latain serues then,

B. Ki. Out of those pestilent pamphlets those are they  
That wound our cause to the heart.

B. B. Heere, more anger yet.

B. Ki. But we come well provided for this storme

W. Q. Is this my *Panno*? she that should  
Guard our Person,

Enter both  
Houses.

Or



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Or some pale figure of deiection,  
Her shape vsurping, sorrow and affrightment,  
Has preuailed strangely with her.

*W. Q. p.* King of Integrity,  
Queene of the same, and all the house professors  
Of noble Candor, vncorrupted iustice,  
And truth of heart, through my alone discouery  
(My like and honor wondrously preserued)  
I bring into your knowledge with my sufferings,  
Fearefull affrightments, and heart-killing terrors,  
The great incendiary of all Christendome,  
The absolute abuser of true sanctity,  
Fayrer peace, and holy order can be found  
In any part of th'vniuersall Globe:  
Who making meeke deuotion keep the doore,  
(His lips being full of holy zeale at first)  
Would haue committed a foule rape vppon me.

*W. Q.* Hah?

*W. Ki.* A rape? that's foule indeed, the very sound  
To our eare fowler then the offence it selfe  
To some Kings of the earth.

*W. Q. p.* Sir, to proceede,  
Gladly I offered life to preserue honour,  
Which would not be accepted without both:  
The chiefe of his ill ayne to be at mine honour,  
Till heauen was pleased by some vnlookt for accident,  
To giue me courage to redeeme my selfe.

*W. Ki.* When we finde desperate finnes  
In ill mens company,  
We place a charitable sorrow there;  
But custome and their leaproous inclination,  
Quits vs of wonder: for our expectation  
Is answered in their liues, but to finde sinne  
Vnder a robe of Sanctity, is able  
To draw all number to that monster onely,

E

And



## *A Game at Chesse.*

And leaue created monsters vnadmired,  
The pride of him that tooke first fall so pride,  
Is to be Angell shapt, and imitate  
The forme from whence he fell; but this offender,  
Farre, baser then sinnes maister, fix'd by vowe  
To holy order which is Angells method,  
It grieues me that my knowledg must be tainted,  
With his infested name,  
Oh rather with thy finger poynt him out.

*W. Q.* The place that he should fill is void my L.  
His guilt has scarde him, the blacke Bishops pawne.

*B. B.* Hah, mine, my pawne? the glory of his order,  
The prime and president zealot on the earth?  
Impudent pawne, for thy sake at this minate  
Modesty suffers, all that's vertuous blushes,  
And truths selfe like the sunne vext with a mist,  
Lookes red with anger.

*W. B.* Be not thou drunke with rage too

*B. B.* Sober sincerity nor you a cup,  
Spake with Hypocrisie.

*W. K.* You name their Bishop,  
But your own Christmas bole you morning draught  
Next your Episcopall heart all the twelue dayes,  
Which smacke you cannot leaue all the yeare after.

*B. K.* A shrewd retorte  
Has made our Bishop smell of burning too,  
Would I stood farther off, wer's no impeachment  
To my honor or the game, would they wold play faster  
White Knight, ther's acknowledged from our house  
A reuerence to you and respect  
To that Lord Duke stands next you, with the fauour  
Of the white King, and th'afore-named respected,  
I combate with this cause, if with all speed  
Wast not one syllable, vnfortunate pawne,  
Of what I speake, thou dost not plead destruction.



## *A Game at Chess.*

A plea which will but faintly take thee off neither,  
From this Leuiathan scandall, that lyes rowling  
Vpon the Christall waters of deuotion,  
Or what may quit the more (though enough nothing)  
Fall downe, and foame, and by than pang discouer,  
The vexing spirit of falshood strongly within thee,  
Make thy selfe ready for perdition,  
Ther's no remoue in all the Game to scape it,  
This pawne or this, the Bishop, or my selfe  
Will take thee in the end, play how you can.

*W. Q. p.* Spite of sins glorious ostentatio n;  
And all blood-threats, that thunder crackes of pride,  
Vshering a storme malice house of impudence,  
Trust and æquiuocation, my true cause  
Shall keepe the path it treads in.

*B. Kt.* I play thus then:  
Now in the hearing of this high assembly,  
Bring forth the time of this attempts conception.

*W. B.* It seemes blacke Knight you are afraid to touch it

*B. Kt.* Well it's eruption, will she haue it so then?  
Or your white Bishop for her, the more vncleane:  
Vile and impious that you vrge the straine to,  
The greater will her shames heape now i'th end,  
And the wrongs meeke mans glory, the time (pawne)

*W. Q. p.* Yesterdayes cursed euening.

*B. Kt.* Oh the treasure of my reuenge I cannot spend on thee,  
Ruine enough to spare for all thy kinned too,  
For honors sake call in more slanderers,  
I haue such plentifull confusion,  
I know not how to waite it, ile bee nobler yet,  
And put her to her owne house: King of meeknesse  
Take the cause to thee, for our hands are too heauy,  
Our proofes will fall vpon her like a Tower,  
And grinde her bones to powder.



## *A Game at Chesse.*

*W. Q. p.* What new engine,  
Ha's the diuell rayfed in him now.

*B. Kt.* Is it he,  
And that the time stands firme, now to your scandall,  
Pray do not shift your slander.

*W. Q. p.* Shift your treachery,  
They'ue worne one suit too long.

*B. Kt.* That holy man,  
So wrongfully accused by this lost pawne :  
H'as not beene scene these ten daies in these parts.

*W. Kt.* How.

*B. Kt.* Nay at this instant thirty leagues from hence.

*W. p.* Fadomlesse falshood, will it scape vnblasted.

*W. Ki.* Can you make this appeare?

*B. Kt.* Light is not clearer,  
By his owne letters (most impartiall Monarch.)

*W. Kt. p.* How wrongfully may sacred vertue suffer, fir.

*B. Kt.* Bishop we haue a treasure of that false heart.

*W. Ki.* Step forth and reach those proofes.

*W. Q. p.* Amazement couers me,  
Can I be forsaken of a cause  
So strong in truth and equity, will vertue  
Send me no ayde in this hard time of friendship.

*B. Kt.* There's an infallible staffe and a red hat  
Reserued for you.

*W. Kt. p.* Oh, fir, indeede.

*B. Kt.* A staffe  
That will not easily breake, you may trust to't;  
And such a one had your corruption need of,  
There's a state figge for you now,

*W. Ki.* Behold all,  
How they were in one :  
I alwayes held a charity so good  
To holinesse profest I euer beleeued rather,  
The accuser false you the professor vitious.

*B. Kt.*



## *A Game at Chesse.*

*B. Kt.* A charity like all your vertues else,  
Gracious and glorious.

*W. Kt.* Where sets the offence,  
Let the faults punishment be deriued from thence:  
We leaue her to your censure.

*B. Kt.* Most iust Maiesty.

*W. Q. p.* Calamity of vertue, my Queene leaues me too:  
Am I cast off as the Oliue casts her flower?  
Poore friendlesse innocence art thou left a prey,  
To the deuourer?

*W. Kt.* Nor thou art not lost,  
Let em put on their bloodiest resolutions,  
If the faire policy I ayme at prospers:  
Thy counsell (noble Duke.)

*W. D.* For that worke chiefly.

*W. Kt.* A man for speede now.

*W. B. p.* Let it be my honor, sir,  
Make me that flight that owes my liues seruice.

*B. Kt.* Was not this brought about for our honours:

*B. B.* Pish, the *Galician* braine can worke out wenders.

*B. Kt.* Let's vse her, as vpon like discouery  
A mayde was vsed at *Venice*, euery one  
Be ready with a pennance being maiesty  
Vessell of foolish scandall, take thy fright  
Had beene in that Cabinet of nicenesse,  
Halfe the virginities the earth lockt vp,  
And all swept at one cast, by the dexterity  
Of a Iesuiticall Gamster t'ad not valu'd  
The least part of that generalworth thou hast tainted.

*B. Kt.* First I enioyne thee to a three daies fast fort.

*B. Q.* You're to penurious, sir, ill make it foure.

*B. B.* I to a twelue houres kneeling at one time.

*B. Kt.* And in a room filled al with Aretines pictures,  
(More then the twelue labours of Luxurie)  
Thou shalt not so much as the chaste pummell see



### *A Game at Chesse.*

Of *Lucrece* dagger peeping: nay Ile punish thee  
For a discouerer, ile torment thy modesty.

*B.D.* After that foure dayes last, into the inquisition house.  
Strengthened with bread and water for worse pennance.

*B.Kt.* Why well said Duke of our house, nobly agriuated.  
*W.Q* Vertue to shew her influence more strong,  
Fits me with patience mightier then my wrong.

*Finit Actus Secundus.*

---

*Incipit Tertius.*

*Enter Fat Bishop.*

*F. Bishop.*

I Know my pen drawes blood of the blacke honse,  
Ther's neuer a booke I writ but their cause bleedes,  
It has lost many an ounce of reputation,  
Since I came to this side, I deepe in,  
And leaue the Orifex gushing were I come:  
But wher's my aduancement all this while I haue got,  
I'de haue some round preferment, corpulent dignity  
That beares some breath and compasse in the gulse on't,  
I am perswaded that this flesh would fit  
The biggest chayre Ecclesiasticall,  
If it were put to tryall, to be made Maister of an Hospitall,  
Is but a kind of disease-bred honour:  
Or dreame of the poore almes Knights that weare badges  
Ther's but two lazy beggerly preferments,  
In the white Kingdome, and I'ue got em both,  
My merrit does begin to be crop-sicke  
For want of other Titles.

*Enter blacke Knight.*

*B.Kt.* Oh here walkes his fulsome holinesse:  
Now for the Maister-peece  
To vndo him euerlasting, that's put home,

And



## A Game au Chesse.

And make him hang in most seriously,  
That icasted with an halter vpon,

F. B. The blacke Knight? I must looke to play then.

B. Kt. I bring faire gretings to your reuerend vertues,  
From Cardinall *Paulus* your most princely kinsman.

F. B. Our princely kinsman faith thou? we accept em:  
Pray keep your side and distance, I am chary  
Of my Episcopall person:

I know the Knights walke in this Game too well,  
He may slip ouer me, and where am I then?

B. Kt. There where thou shalt be  
Shortly if arte faile not,

## The Letter.

**R**ight Reuerend and noble (meaning me) our true kinsman  
in affection, but alienated in blood, your unkind disobedience  
to the mother cause, prooues the onely cause of your ill fortune at  
this time: My present remooue by generall election to the Papall  
dignity, had now auspiciously settled you in my Sede vacante (how  
had it so) which at my next remooue, by death might proued, your  
step to supremacy.

(Hah, all my bodies blood mounts to my face,  
To looke vpon this letter.)

B. Kt. The pill workes with him,  
Thinke on't seriously it is not yet too late then,  
Through the submisse acknowledgme  
Of your disobedience  
To be brotherly receiued into the louing  
Bosome of the Conclauē.

F. B. This was the chayre of ease I euer aymed at,  
He make a bonfire of my booke immediately  
All, that are left against that side ile sacrifice:  
Packe vp my plate and goods, and steale away  
By night at Water-gate: It is but penning  
An other recantation, and in venting



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Two or three bitter bookes against the white house,  
And then I'me at other side agen,  
As firme as ere I was, as fat, and flourishing:  
Blacke Knight, expect a wonder ere't belong,  
Thou shalt see me one of the blacke-house.

*B.Kt.* Your holinesse is merry with the messenger,  
Too happy to be true, you speake what should be.  
If naturall compunction toucht you truely:  
Oh you've drawn-blood, liue blood, blood of honor  
From your most deare primitive mothers heart:  
Your sharpe inuectiues haue beene points of speares  
In her sweet tender sides, the vnkind wounds  
Which the sonne giues, a sonne of reuerence specially,  
They rankle ten times more, you the aduersaries:  
I tell you, sir, your reuerend revolt  
Did giue the feare-fullest blow to adoration  
Our cause ere felt, it shooke the very statues,  
The veines and ashes of the Sainted sleepers.

*F. B.* Forbeare, or I shall melt i' the place I stand,  
And let forth a fat Bishop in sad syrrop:  
Suffice I am yours, when they least dreame on't,  
Ambitious fooder, power and riches drawes me,  
When I smell honor that's the locke of hay,  
That lead me through the worlds field euery way. *Ex.*

*B.Kt.* Here's a sweet pange to propagate beleefe on,  
Like the foundation of a Chappell layd  
Vpon a quagmire, I may number him now  
Amongst my inferior policics, and not shame em;  
But let me a little solace my designs  
With the remembrance of some braue ones past,  
To cherrish the futerrity of proiect,  
Whose motion must be restlesse til that great work,  
Cald the possession of the world be ours:  
Was it not procured a gallant fleet,  
From the white Kingdome to secure our coasts,

*'Gainst*



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Gainst th'infidell Pyrats, vnder pretext  
Of more necessities expedition,  
Who made the Iayles flye open (without miracle)  
And let the Locusts out, those dangerous flies.  
Whose properti's to burne corne without touching  
The Heritique Granaries, feele it to this minute;  
And now they'ue got amongst the country Corps,  
They sticke so fast to the conuerted eares,  
The loudest tempest that authority rowzes,  
Will hardly shake 'em off, they haue their dennes  
In Ladies coaches, their safe groues and fennes:  
Nay they were followed and found out by th' sent  
Palme oyle will make a Pursuant relent:  
Whose policy was it to put a silenc't muzzle,  
On all the barking tong-men of the time:  
Made pictures that were enough before,  
Poore sufferers in that politicke restraint?  
My light spleene skips, and shakes my ribs to think on't  
Whilst our drift walkt vncensured, but in thought  
A whistle or a whisper, would be questioned,  
In the most fortunate Angle in the World,  
The Court has held the City by thy Hernes,  
Whilst I haue milkt her: I haue got good soups too  
From Countries for their liberties,  
From some for their most vainly hopd for preferments.  
High offices, in th'ayre, I should no liue  
But for this *Mellacrim*, this mirth Manna, *Enter blacke*  
My pawne? how now, the new's. *Knights pawne.*

*B, Kt.p.* Expect none very pleasing  
That comes (sir) of my bringing, I'me so sad.

*B. Kt.* Thy conscience is so tender hooft a late,  
Euery nayle prickes it.

*B. Kt.p.* This may pricke yours too,  
If there be any quicke flesh in a yard on't.

*B. Kt.* Mine, mischief must finde a deepe nayle and a driuer.

F

Beyond



## *A Game at Chess.*

Beyond the strength of any Matchaile:  
The politicke Kingdomes fatten to reach mine,  
Prithee compunction needle pricke a little,  
Vnbind this sore wound.

B.Kt.p. Sir, your plots discovered.

B.Kt. Which of the twenty thousand, nine hundred  
Threescore and five, canst tell?

B.Kt.p. Blesse vs, so many?

How does poore Country men haue but one plot  
To keepe a Cow o't, yet in law for that,  
You cannot 'em all sure by their names (Sir)

B.Kt. Yes were the number trebled: thou hast scene  
A Globe stand on the table in my Closet.

B.Kt.p. A thing (sir) drawne with Countries and hard words.

B.Kt. True, with lines drawne  
Some Tropicall, some oblique.

B.Kt.p. I scarce can read, I was brought vp in blindnesse.

B.Kt. Iust such a thing (if ere my scull be open'd)  
Will my braines looke like.

B.Kt.p. Like a Globe of Countreies.

B.Kt. I and some Maister politician,  
That has sharpe state eyes will go neere to picke out  
The plots and euery climate where they fastned,  
And will puzzle em too.

B.Kt.p. I'me of your minde for that (sir.

B.Kt. Th'le finde em too full vpon so ne countries,  
Thed neede vse spectacles; but I turne to you now,  
What plot is that discovered?

B.Kt.p. Your last brute sir,  
Begot 'twixt the blacke Bishop and your selfe,  
Your ante-dared letters 'bout the Iesuite.

B.Kt. Discovered, how?

B.Kt.p. The white Knights policy has out stript yours it  
Ioyned with th' assistant counsell of this Duke: (seemes:  
The white Bishops pawne vndertooke the iourney,

Who



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Who as they say, discharged it like a flight,  
I made him for the businesse fit and light.

*B. Kt.* 'Tis but a bawdy pawne out of the way a little,  
Ther's enough of them in all parts.

*B. B.* You haue heard all then.

*Enter both  
Houses.*

*B. Kt.* The wonders past with me, but some  
Shall downe fort.

*W. Kt.* Set free that vertuous pawne from all her wrongs,  
Let her be brought with honor to, the face,  
Of her malicious Aduersary.

*B. Kt.* Good.

*W. Kt.* Noble chaste Knight, a title of that Candor,  
The greatest Prince on earth without impeachment  
May haue the dignity of his worth comprized in,  
This fayre deliuering act vertue will register,  
In that white booke of the defence of Virgins,  
Where the cleare fame all preserving Knights,  
Are to eternall memory consecrated;  
And wee embrace as partner of that honour,  
This worthy Duke, the counsell of the act,  
Whom wee shall euer place in our respect.

*W. D.* Most blessed of Kings, thron'd in al royal graces,  
Euery good deed sends backe it's owne rewards,  
Into the bosome of the enterprizer;  
But you to expresse your selfe as well to be  
King of munificency, as integrity  
Addes glory to the gift.

*W. Kt.* Thy deserts clayme it,  
Zeale and fidelity appeare, thou beauty  
Of truth and innocence, best ornament  
Of patience, thou that mad'st thy sufferings glorious

*B. Kt.* Ile take no knowledg on't what makes she here?  
How dare you pawne vnpenanc't with a cheek  
Fresh as her false-hood yet, where castigation  
Has left no pale print of her visiting anguish,



*A Game at Chess.*

Appeare in this assembly, let me alone,  
Sinne must be bold, that's all the grace 'tis bound too.

*W. Kr.* What's this?

*W. Ki.* I'me wonder strocke.

*W. Q. p.* Assist me goodnesse,  
I shall to prison againe.

*B. Kr.* At least I've maz'd em,  
Scattered by admiration of her innocence,  
(As the fir'd ships put in, fettered the Fleete  
In eighty eight) Ile on with't, impudence  
Is mischiefs patrimony, is his Iustice  
Iniured reuerence no sharper righted,  
I euer held that Maiesty impartiall,  
That like vnequall, Heauen looks on the manners,  
Not on the shapes they throwde in.

*W. Ki.* This blacke Knight  
Will neuer take any answere, 'tis a victory  
To make him vnderstand, he does amisse,  
When he knowes in his owne cleare vnderstanding,  
That he does nothing else, shew him the testimony  
Confirmed by good men, how that foule attempter,  
Got but this morning to the place from whence  
He dated his forged lines six daies past,

*B. Kr.* Why may not the corruption sleep in this,  
By some connivence, as you haue walkt in ours,  
By too rash confidence.

*W. D.* Ile vndertake  
That Knight shall teach the diuell how to lye.

*W. Kr.* If sinne were halfe so wise as impudent,  
She'de neere seek father for an aduocate. *En. B. Q. p.*

*B. Q. p.* Now to act treachery with an angels tong,  
Since all ours come out, ile bring him in strongly agen,  
Where is his iniur'd chastity? this goodnesse  
Whose worth no transitory prize can equall,  
This rocke of constancie, and invincible vertue

That



## *A Game at Chesse.*

That made sinnestempest weary of his fury.

*B. Q.* What is my pawne distracted?

*B. Kt.* I thinke rather

Ther's some notable Maister-prize of rogery,  
This drum strikes vp for.

*B. Q. p.* Let me fall downe with reuerence  
Before this blessed Altar.

*B. Q.* This is madnesse.

*B. Kt.* Marke the end, I stand for rogery stil,  
I will not change my side,

*B. Q. p.* I shall be tax'd I know  
I care not what the blacke house thinks of me.

*B. Q.* What say you now?

*B. Kt.* I will not be vnlayed yet.

*B. Q. p.* How euer sensure flies, I honor sanctity,  
That is my obiect I intend no other,  
I saw this glorious and most valiant vertue,  
Fight the most noble combat with the diuell.

*B. Q.* If both the Bishops had bin there for seconds  
T'ad beene a compleate Diuell.

*W. Kt.* Then thou hast heard the violence intended?

*B. Q. p.* Tis a truth, I ioy to iustifie I was an agent  
On vertues part, and ray'd that confused noyse,  
That started his attempt and gaue her liberty.

*W. Q. p.* Oh 'tis a righteous story she has told (Sir)  
My life and fame stands mutually ingaged,  
Both to the truth and goodnesse of this pawne.

*W. Kt.* Does it appeare to you, yet cleare as the Sun.

*B. Kt.* Lasse I beleued it long before 'twas done.

*B. Kt.* Degenerate

*B. Q.* Base,

*B. B.* Perfidious.

*B. D.* Trayterous pawne

*B. Q. p.* What are you al besides your schues?

*B. Kt.* But I remember that pawne.



## *A Game at Chesse.*

*B. Q. p.* May a fearefull barrennesse,  
Blast both my hopes and pleasures, if I brought not  
Her ruine in my pittie, a new trap  
For her more sure confusion.

*B. Kt.* Haue I not wonne now,  
Did not I say twas craft, and machiuation?  
I smell conspiracie all the way I went,  
Although the messe were couered I'me so vs'd to't.

*B. Kt.* That queene would I faine finger.

*B. Kt.* You are too hasty (sir)  
If she were took the game would be ours quickly,  
My aymes at that white Knight, t'entrap him first.  
The Duke will follow too.

*B. B.* Would that Bishop were in my Diocesse,  
I'de soone change his whitenesse.

*B. Kt.* (Sir) I could whip you vp a pawne immediatly,  
I know where my game stands.

*B. Kt.* Do't suddainly,  
Aduantage least must not be lost in this play.

*B. Kt.* Pawne, thou art ours.

*W. Kt.* Hee's taken by default,  
By wilfull negligence, gard the sacred persons,  
Looke well to the white Bishop, for that pawne  
Gaue guard to the queene, and him in the third place.

*B. Kt.* See what sure peece you locke your confidence in,  
I made this pawne heere by corruption ours,  
As soone as honour by creation yours,  
The whitenesse vpon him is but the leaprofy  
Of pure dissemulation: view him now,  
His heart and his intents are of our colour.

*W. Kt.* Most dangerous Hypocrite

*W. D.* One made against vs.

*W. Q.* This truth of his completion.

*W. Kt.* Has my goodnesse,  
Clemency, loue, and fauour gracious ray'd thee

*His upper  
garment being  
taken off, he ap-  
peares blacke vnder.*

From



## *A Game at Chesse.*

From a condition next to popular labour,  
Tooke thee from all the dubitable hazards  
Of Fortune? her most vnsecure aduentures?  
And grafted thee into a branch of honour,  
And dost thou fall from the top bough by the rottennes  
Of thy alone corruption, like a fruite  
That's ouer-ripped by the beames of fauour,  
Let thy owne weight reward thee, I haue forgot thee,  
Integrity of life is so deare to me,  
Where I finde fal hood, or a crying trespasse,  
Be it in any whom our grace shines most on,  
I'de teare em from my heart.

*W. B.* Spoke like Heauens substitute.

*W. K.* You haue him, we can spare him, and his shame  
Will make the rest looke better to their Game.

*(B. K.* The more cunning we must vse then.

*B. K.* Wee shall match you,  
Play how you can) perhaps, and make you too.

*F. B.* Is there so much amazement spent on him  
That's but halfe black, there might be hope of that man  
But how will this house wonder, if I stand forth  
And shew a whole one, instantly discouer  
One that's all blacke, where ther's no hope at all.

*W. K.* Ile say, thy heart then iustifi's thy bookes,  
I long for thy discouery.

*F. B.* Look no farther then,  
Beare witnesse all the house I am the man,  
And turne my selfe into the blacke house freely,  
I am of this side now.

*W. K.* Monster neere matcht him.

*B. K.* This is your noble worke Knight.

*B. K.* Now Ile halter him.

*F. B.* Next newes you heare, expect my bookes against you,  
Printed at Doway, Bruxells, or Spallato.

*W. K.* See his goods seiz'd on.

*F. B.*



## *A Game at Chesse.*

*F.B.* Lasse, they were all conueyed  
Last night by water-gate, to a Taylors house :  
A friend of Blacke house.

*B.Kt.* A prepared Hypocrite.

*W.D.* Premeditated tuene-coate.

*Exeunt.*

*F.B.* Yes, rayle on,  
He reach you in my writings when I'me gone.

*B. Kt.* Flatter him a while with honors til we put him  
Vpon some dangerous seruice, and then burne him.

*B.Kt.* This came vnlookt for.

*B.D.* How wee reioyce to see you.

*F.B.* Now ile discouer all the white house to you.

*B.D.* Indeed that will both reconcile and prayse you.

*W.Kt.p.* I rest vpon you knight for my aduancement.

*B.Kt.* Oh for the staffe, the strong staffe that wil hold  
And the red hat fit for the guilty mazure,  
Into the empty bagge, know the first way,  
Pawnes that are lost, are euer out of play.

*W.K.p.* How's this?

*B.Kt.* No replication you know me,  
No doubt e're long you'll haue more company.

The bagge is big enough t'wil hold vs: all

*Ex.*

*W.Q.p.* I sue to thee, prethee be one of vs.  
Let my loue winne thee, thou hast done truth this day,  
And yesterday my honor noble seruice.  
The best Pawne of our house, could transcend it not.

*B.Q.p.* My pittie stands with zeale especially,  
When I foresaw your marriage, then I amoured.

*W.Q.p.* How? marriage?

*B.Q.p.* That contaminating Art,  
Would haue spoild all our fortunes a rape: God blesse vs.

*W.Q.p.* Thou talkst of marriage.

*B.Q.p.* Yes, yes, you do marry,  
I saw the man.

*W.Q.p.* The man.

*B.Q.p.*



## *A Game at Chesse.*

*B. Q. p.* An absolute handsome Gentleman, a compleat one,  
You'de say so when you see him, heire to the three red hats,  
Besides his generall hopes in the blacke house.

*W. Q. p.* Sure thou art mistaken, for this man  
I haue promist single life to all my affections.

*B. Q. p.* Promise you what you will, or I, or all's one,  
There's fate rules vs, and ouer rules vs all me thinkes.

*W. Q. p.* How came you to see or know this mistery.

*B. Q. p.* A Magicall glasse I bought of an Egyptian,  
Whose stone retaines that speculatiue vertue,  
Presented the man to me, your name brings him  
As often as I vse it, and me thinkes  
I neuer haue enough person and postures :  
Are all so pleasing,

*W. Q. p.* This is wondrous strange,  
The faculties of scule are still the same,  
I cannot feele one motion tend that way.

*B. Q. p.* We do not alwayes seeke, the faith we liue by,  
Nor euer see our growth, yet both worke, vpward.

*W. Q. p.* It was well applied, but may I see him too.

*B. Q. p.* Surely you may without all doubt or feare,  
Oseruing the right vse as I was taught it,  
Not looking backe, nor questioning the specter.

*W. Q. p.* That's no hard obseruation, trust it  
With me, is't possible, I long to see this man.

*B. Q. p.* Pray follow me then,  
And Ile ease you instantly.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter blacke Iesting Pawne.*

*B. I. p.* I would so faine take one of these white pawnes now.  
I'de make him do all vnder drudgery,  
Feede him with ashes, milke, cromb'd with Goates cheese ;  
And all the white meates can be deuised for him,  
So make him my white Iennet when I prance it,  
After the blacke Knights litter.

*W. p.* You'd looke then,

G

Iust



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Inst like the Diuell striding ouer a night mare.

● Made of a Millers daughter.

B. p. A pox on you, were you so nigh, I'me taken  
Like a Blacke-bird in the great snow, this white  
Pawne grinning ouer me.

W. p. And now because I will not foule my clothes  
Euer hereafter? for white quickly soyles you know.

B. p. I prethe get thee gone,  
Then I shall smut thee.

W. Q. p. Ile put that to venture, now I haue  
Snapt thee, thou shalt do all the durty drugery,  
That slavery was euer put too.

B. p. I shall couden you,  
You may chance come and finde your worke yndone;  
For I'me too proud to labour, ile starue first,  
I tell you that before hand.

W. p. I will fit you then with a blacke  
Whip, that shall not be behind hand.

B. p. Pish, I haue beene vsed to whipping,  
I haue whipt my selfe three miles out of Towne  
In a morning, I can fast a fortnight, and  
Make all your meate stinke, and lye vpon your hands.

W. p. To preuent that, your foode shall be  
Blacke berries, and vpon gaudy daies a pickled  
Spider cut out like Anchouis: I me not to  
Learne a monthes ordinary, come fir, will you firke. *En. a second*

2. B. p. Soft, soft you, you haue no such *blacke pawne*  
Bargaine on't, if you looke well about you.

W. p. I'me snapt too, a blacke  
Pawne in the breech of me:  
Wee three looke like a bird spit, a white Chick  
Betweene two ruffet Wood-cockes.

B. p. I'me glad of this.

W. p. But you shal haue smal cause, for ile firke you.

2. B. p. And ile firke you agen.

W. p.



## *A Game at Chess.*

*W. p.* And Ile firke you againe.

*B. p.* Mas here will be old firking, I shall  
Haue the worst on't, for I can firke no body,  
Wee draw together now for all the world.  
Like three flies with one straw throgh their buttocks.

*Enter blacke Q. p. and White Q. p.*

*B. Q. p.* This is the roome he did appeare to me in,  
And looke you, this the Magicall glasse, that shew'd him.

*W. Q. p.* I finde no motion yet, what should I  
Thinke on't? a suddaine feare inuades me,  
A faint trembling vnder this omen  
As oft felt the panting of a Turtle,  
Vnder a stroaking hand.

*B. Q. p.* That boads good lucke still,  
Signe you shall chang state speedily: for that trembling  
Is alwayes the first symptome of a bride,  
For any vaine feares that may accompany  
His apparitian, by my truth to friendship  
I quite you of the least, neuer was object  
More gracefully presented, the very ayre  
Conspires to do him honor, and treats  
Sweet vocall sinne as if a bride-groome enters:  
Which argues the best harmony of your loues.

*W. p.* And will the vsing of my name produce him.

*B. p.* Nay of yours only, els the wonder halted,  
To cleare you of that doubt: ile put the difference  
In practise, the first thing I do, and make  
His inuocation in the name of others.

*W. Q. p.* That will satisfie me much.

*B. Q. p.* It shall be done.

*Then with gentle forme and face,  
Fil'd lately this Egypted Glasse,  
By th'empierious powerfull name,  
And the Vniuersall fame,  
Of the mighty blacke House, Queens*



## A Game at Chesse.

*I coniure thee to be seene.*

What see you nothing yet?

*W. Q. p.* Not any part: Pray try another.

*B. Q. p.* You shall haue your will:

*I double my commaund and power,*

*And at the instant of this houre:*

*Invoke thee in the white queenes name,*

*With stay for time, and shape the same.*

What see you yet?

*W. Q. p.* There's nothing shewes at all.

*B. Q. p.* My truth reflects the clearer.

Then now fix and bleffe your fayre eye,

With your owne for euer.

*Thou well compos'd by fates hand drawne,*

*To enioy the white Queenes Pawne,*

*Of whom thou shalt (by vertue meete)*

*Many gracefull issues get:*

*By the beauty of her fame,*

*By the whitenesse of her name,*

*By her faire and fruitfull lone,*

*By her truth that mates the Dowe,*

*By the meeknesse of her minde,*

*By the softnesse of her kinde,*

*By the lusture of her grace,*

*By al these thou'rt summond to this place.*

Harke how the ayre inchantèd with your prayes,

And his approach this words to sweet notes rayles. *En. b. B. p.*

*W. Q. p.* Oh let him stay a while, a little longer. *in rich attire*

*B. Q. p.* That's a good hearing. *like an Apari-*

*W. Q. p.* If he be mine, why shold he part so soone? *tian, & stands*

*B. Q. p.* Why, this is but the shadow of yours: *before the glasse*

How do you? *then Exit.*

*W. Q. p.* Oh, I did ill to giue consent to see it,

What certainty is in our bloods our states?

What we still write is blotted out by fates:

Our



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Our wills are like a cause that is Law-toft,  
What one Court orders, is by another-croft.

*B. Q. p.* I find no fit place for this passion here,  
Tis meerely an intruder, he is a Gentleman,  
Most wishfully composed, honor growes on him,  
And wealth pil'd vp for him, has youth enough too,  
And yet in the sobriety of his Countenance,  
Graue as a Terrach, which is gracious  
Ith'eye of modest pleasure, where's the emptinesse;  
What can you more request.

*W. Q. p.* I do not know  
What answere yet to make, it doth require,  
A meeting 'twixt my feare and my desire.

*B. Q. p.* Shee's caught, and which is strong, by her most

*Finit Actus Tertius.*

(wronger.

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### *Incipit Quartus.*

*Enter Blacke Knights Pawne, and  
Blacke Bishops Pawne.*

*B. Kt. P.*

**T**H E Iesuit in his gallant habit,  
Tis he my Confessor, he might haue pass'd me  
Seauen yeares together, had I not by chance  
Aduanc'd mine eye vpon that lettered Hat bond:  
The Iesuiticall symbale to be worne,  
By the braue Colledgians with consent,  
Tis a strange habit for a holy Father,  
A president of pouerty especially:  
But wee the sonnes and daughters of Obedience,  
Dare not once think awry, but must confesse our selues



## *A Game at Chesse.*

As humble to the father of that feather,  
Long speare and ponyard, as to the Abbey and Alter,  
And happy we are so highly grac'd t'attaine to't,  
Holy and reuerend.

*B.B.p.* How has found me out?

*B. Kt.p.* Oh (sir) put on the sparkling trim of glory,  
Perfection will shine for most, and I know you  
By the Catholickall marke you weare about you,  
The marke about your fore-head.

*B.B.p.* Are you growne  
So ambitious in your obseruance: well, your businesse,  
I haue my Game to follow.

*B. Kt.p.* I haue a worne  
Followes me, so that I can follow no game,  
The most faint hearted pawne, if hee could see  
His play, might snap me vp at pleasure:  
I desire (sir) to be absolved, my conscience  
Being at ease, I could then with more courage  
Play my Game.

*B.B.p.* 'Twas a base fact.

*B. Kt.p.* 'Twas to a Schismaticke pawne (sir.)

*B.B.p.* What's that to the ability of reuenge  
Suffices I haue neither will nor power  
To giue you absolution for that violence,  
Make your petition to the penance Chamber,  
If the Taxe Register relieue you in't,  
By the blacke bishops clemency you hau'wrought out,  
A single peece of fauour with your money,  
It's all your refuge now.

*B. Kt.p.* This sting shootes deeper.

*En. w. Q. and*

*b. Q.p.*

*B. B.p.* Yonder's my Game, which like a poletick Chessner,  
I must not seeme to see.

*W. Q.p.* Oh my heart.

*B. Q.p.* That 'tis.

*W. Q.p.* The very same that the Magicall

Presented



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Presented lately vnto me.

*B.Q.p.* Aud how like  
A most regardlesse stranger hee walkes by,  
Meerely ignorant of that fate, you are not indeede  
The principallst part of him, what strange misteries  
Inscrutable loue workes by.

*W.Q.p.* The time you see,  
Is not yet come.

*B.Q.p.* But 'tis in our power now  
To bring time neerer, knowledge is a mastery,  
And make it obserue vs, and not wee it.

*W.Q.p.* I would force nothing  
From it's proper vertue,  
Let time haue his full course. I'de rather die  
The modest death of vndiscovered loue,  
You haue heau'ns least and lowest seruant suffer,  
Or in his motion receiue checke for me:  
How is my soules growth altar'd that single life,  
The fittest garment that peace ere made for't.  
Is growne too streight, too stubborn on the suddain.

*B.Q.p.* Hee comes this way agen.

*W.Q.p.* Oh here's a Traytor  
Leapt from my heart into my cheeke all ready,  
That will betray all to his powerfull eye,  
If it but glance vpon me.

*B.Q.p.* By my verity  
Looke, he's past by agen, downe in neglect  
Without the prosperous h'm't of so much happines  
To looke vpon his forrude, how close fate  
Seales vp the eye of humaine vnderstanding,  
Till like the Sunnes flower, time and loue incloses it,  
'Tis pittie he should dwell in ignorance longer.

*W.Q.p.* What will you do?

*B.Q.p.* Yes, dye a bashfull death, doe  
And let the remedy passe by vnus'd skill,



*A Game at Chesse.*

You're chayn'd enough all ready, looke into't,  
Absolute (Sir) with your most noble pardon,  
For this my rude intrusion I am bold  
To bring the knowledge of a secret neerer,  
By many daies (fir) then would it arriue,  
In its owne proper reuelation with you,  
Pray turne and fix, do you know yon'd noble goodnes,

*B. B. p.* Tis the first minute my eye blest me with her,  
And clearely shews how much my knowledg wanted,  
Not knowing her till now.

*B. Q. p.* She's to be lik'd then,  
Pray view aduisedly, there's strong reason,  
That I'me so bold to vrge it, you must guesse  
The worke concernes you neerer then you thinke for.

*B. B. p.* Her glory and the wonder of this secret,  
Puts a recipicall amazement on me.

*B. Q. p.* And tis not without worth,  
You two must be better acquainted.

*B. B. p.* Is their cause affinity,  
Or any couetous helpe creation ioyes in,  
To bring that worke forward.

*B. Q. p.* Yes, yes, I can shew you,  
The neereft way to that perfection,  
Of a most vertuous one, that ioy ere found,  
Pray marke her once agen you follow me,  
And I will shew you her, must be your wife (fir.)

*B. B. p.* The mistery exceeds, or else creation,  
Has set that admirable peece before vs,  
To chuse out chaste delight by.

*B. Q. p.* Please you follow (Sir.)

*B. B. p.* What heart haue you to put in on one obiect,  
And cannot get me off? tis paine to part from't. *Exit.*

*W. Q. p.* If there proue no check in the Magick-glasses,  
But by proportion come as faire, and full  
Into his eyes as his into mine lately,

You



## *A Game at Chesse.*

You I'me confirmed he is mine for euer. *Enter agen B.B.p.*

*B.B.p.* The very selfe same that my mirror blest me, with  
From head to foote, the beauty and the habit,  
Kept you this place? still did not you remooue Lady.

*W.Q.p.* Not a foote (sir.)

*B.Q.p.* Is't possible,  
I would haue sworne I'de seene the substance yonder,  
'Twas to that lustre, to that life presented.

*W.Q.p.* Euen so was yours to me (sir.)

*B.B.p.* Pawne, saw you mine.

*W.Q.p.* Perfectly cleare, no  
Sooner my name vsed, but yours appeared.

*B.B.p.* Iust so did yours at mine now.

*B.Q.p.* Why stand you idle, will you let time  
Cousen you, (protracting time) of those  
Delicious benefits, that faith marked to you,  
You modest paire of blushing,  
Gamesters, and you (Sir) the bashfull  
I cannot flatter a foule fault in any,  
Can you be more then man and wife assigne,  
And by a power the most irreuocable,  
Others that be adventurers in delight,  
May meete with crosses, shame or seperation  
You know the mind of fate, you must be coupled.

*B.B.p.* Shee speakes but truth in this,  
I see no reason then,  
That wee should misse the relish of this night;  
But wee are both shame-fac't.

*W.Q.p.* How this night (Sir)  
Did not I know you must be mine, and therein  
Your priuiledge runnes strong, for that loose motion  
You neuer should be, is it not by fortune  
To match with a pure minde, then am I miserable,  
The Doves and all chaste louing, winged creatures  
Haue their paires fit, their desires iustly

H

Mated



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Mated is woman, more infortunate, virgin?  
The (may of woman) fate has ordayned (Sir)  
We should be man and wife, has not giuen  
Warrant for ayme act of knowledge till  
We are so.

*B. B. p.* Tender ey'd modesty, how it grieues at this,  
I'ne as farre off for all this, strange imposture,  
As at first enter-view, where lies our game now?  
You know I cannot marry by my order.

*B. Q. p.* I know you cannot (sir) yet you  
May venture on a contract.

*B. B. p.* Hah!

*B. Q. p.* Sure you may (sir),  
Without all question so farre, without danger  
Or any staine to your vow, and that make take her:  
Nay do't with speede, sheele thinke you  
Meane the better too.

*B. B. p.* Be not so lauish of that blessed spring,  
You'ue wasted that vpon a cold occasion now,  
Would wash a sinfull soule white by our loue ioyes,  
That motion shall neere light vpon my tongue more,  
Till we're contracted, then I hope your mine.

*W. Q. p.* In all iust duty euer.

*B. Q. p.* Then doe you question it?  
Pish, then you're man and wife,  
All but Church Ceremonies:  
Pray let's see it done first,  
She shall do reason then:  
Now ile enioy the sport, and coufen you both,  
My bloods game is the wages I haue  
Workt for.

*Exe.*

*Enter blacke Knight and his pawne.*

*B. Kt.* Pawne, I haue spoke to the Fat bishop for thee,  
Ile get thy absolution from his owne mouth:  
Reach me my Chayre of ease, my Chaire of cousonage

*Seauen*



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Seauen thousand pounds in women, reach me that  
I loue a life to sit vppon a banke  
Of Heretique gold : Oh soft and gentle (sirrah)  
Ther's a foule flaw i'th bottom of my bum (pawne)  
I neere shall make sound souldier, but sound treacher  
With any hee in *Europe*, how now? quality  
Thou hast the paultrest foole that ere I met with,  
It cannot beare one suckling villaine :  
Mine can digest a monster without credit,  
A sinne as weighty as an Elephant,  
And neuer wamble for't.

*B. Kt. p.* I, you haue beene vs'd to't (sir)  
That's a great helpe, the swallow of my conscience  
Has but a narrow passage, you must thinke yet  
It lyes i'th penitent pipe, and will not downe,  
If I had got seauen thousand pounds by Offices  
And guld downe you, the bore would haue bin bigger.

*B. Kt.* Nay, an thou prou'st factious, I shall hug thee,  
Can a poore-pocht-soft reare iniquity  
So rude vpon thy conscience, I'me asham'd of thee,  
Hadst thou betrayed the witnesse to the blacke,  
Beggard a Kingdome by dissimulation,  
Vnioynted the faire frame of peace, and trafficke  
Poyson'd alleagance, set faith backe and wrought  
Weomens soft soules euen vp to the masculine malice,  
To pursue truth to death if the cause rowz'd em,  
That staires and paretts as first taught to curse thee :  
All these and ten times troubled has this braine  
Bin parent too, they are my off-springs all.

*B. Kt. p.* A goodly broode.

*B. Kt.* Yet I can jest as lightly,  
Laugh and tell strange stories to Court Madames,  
(Daughters of my seducements) with alacrity,  
As high and heartily, as youths time of innocence  
That neuer knew a sinne, to shapea sorrow by ;



## *A Game at Chess.*

I feele no tempest, not a leafe winde stirring,  
To shake a fault, my conscience is be calm'd rather,

*B. Kt. p.* I'me sure there's a Whirle-winde huffes in mine.

*B. Kt.* Sirrah, I ha sold the Groome ath stoole six times,  
And receiued money of six seuerall Ladies:

Ambitious to take place of *Baronets* wines

To three old money Matrons I haue promis'd,

The mother ship oth maydes, I'ue taught our friends

To conueigh white house gold, to our blacke kingdom

In cold backt pasties, so coufen Searchers:

For venting halbow'd oyle, beades, needles, pardons,

Pictures, veronices, heads in priuate presses,

Thar's done one'th habit of a Pedler:

Letters conuaied in roles, Tobacco-roles:

When a restraint comes, by my politicke counsell;

Some of our Iesuites turne Gentle-men Vshers:

Some Falkners, some park-keeper, & some hunts-men:

One tooke the shape of an old Ladies Cooke once,

And dispatcht two chares in a sunday morning,

The Altar and the Dresser: pray what vso

Put I my summer recreation too?

But more t'enforme my knowledge in the state

And strength of the white Kingdome? no fortifications,

Hauen, Creeke, landing place, 'bout the white Coast,

But I got draught, and plot-forme, learn'd the depth

Of all the Channels, knowledge of all sands,

Shelues, Rockes and Riuers for invasion:

A Catalogue of all the Nauy Royall:

The burthen of each shippe, the brasse murtherers:

The number of the men, to what cape bound:

Agan for the discouery of the Inlands:

Neuer a Shire but the State better knowne

To me, then to her best Inhabitants:

What power of men and horse, gentries, reuenewes,

Who well affected to your side, how ill,

Who



## *A Game at Chess.*

Who neither will nor ill, all the new trality.

Thirty eight foules haue beene seduced (Pawne)

Since the Ioales vomited with the Pill I gaue 'em.

*B. Kt. p.* Sure you put oyle of toad into phyfick (fir)

*B. Kt.* I'me now about a maister-peece of play,  
To entrap the Wh. Knight, and with false alurements,  
Entice him to our blacke House, more will follow,  
Whilst our Fat Bishop sets vpon the Queene  
Then will our game lye sweetly. *Enter Fat Bishop.*

*B. Kt. p.* Hee's come now (fir.)

*F. B.* Heer's *Taxa Penitentiaria* Knight,  
The booke of generall pardons, of all prizes:  
I haue bin searching for his sinne this halfe houre,  
And cannot light vpon it.

*B. Kt.* That is strange let me see it.

*B. Kt. p.* Wretched as I am, has my rage done that  
There is no president of pardon for?

*B. Kt.* For wilfull murther 13. pounds, 4. shillings  
and fixe-pence, that's reasonable cheape, for killing,  
killing, killing, killing, killing.  
Why heer's nothing but killing of this side.

*F. B.* Turne ore the sheete, you shall finde adultery  
And other triuiall sinnes.

*B. Kt.* Adultery, oh I'me met now, for Adultery  
A couple of shillings, and for Fornication five pence,  
Mas these are the good penny-worths,  
I cannot see how a man can mend himselfe, for lying  
With Mother, Sister, or Daughter, I marry (fir)  
Thirty three pounds, three shillings and three pence,  
The sins gradation right payd all in three too.

*F. B.* You haue read the story of that monster (fir)  
That got his daughter, sister & wife, of his own mother

*B. Kt.* Symone nine pounds.

*F. B.* They may thank me for that, 'twas ninteene,  
Before I came, I haue mittigated many of the summs.



## *A Game at Chesse.*

**B. Kt.** Sodomy sixe pence, you should haue  
Put that summe euer on the back side of your booke  
Bishop.

**F. B.** Ther's few on's very forward (fir)

**B. Kt.** What's heere? 2 old presidents of encouragment.

**F. B.** I those are ancient notes.

**B. Kt.** Giuen as a gratitud for the killing of an Heretical  
Prince, with a poysond knife duckats 5 thousand.

**F. B.** True (fir) that was payed.

**B. Kt.** Promis'd to Doctor *Lopus* for poysoning the  
Mayden Queene of the Whit Kingdom, ducats twenty  
thousand, which sayd sum was afterwards giuen as a  
meritorious almes to the Nunnery at *Lisbone*, hauing  
at this present, ten thousand pounds more at vse in the  
Towne-house of *Antwerp*.

**B. Kt. p.** What's all this to my conscience (worthy Holineffe)  
I sue for pardon, I haue brought mony with me.

**F. B.** You must depart, you see there is no president,  
Of any price or pardon for that fact.

**B. K. p.** Most miserable, are fouler sinnes remitted?  
Killing, nay wilfull murder.

**F. B.** True, there is instance:  
Were yon to kill him I'de pardon you:  
Ther's president for that, and price set downe,  
But none for *Gelding*.

**B. Kt. p.** I haue pickt out vnderstanding now for euer,  
Out of the Carbulistique bloody riddle,  
I'le make away all my estate and kill him,  
And by that act obtaine full absolution. *Exit.*

*Enter the Black King.*

**B. Kt.** Why Bishop, Knight, wher's your remouues?  
Your troopes? stand you now idle in the heart of game?

**B. Kt.** My life for yours black soueraigne the game is ours,  
I haue wrought vnder hand for the Whit Knight,  
And this braue Duke, and finde them very cunning

**F. B.**



## *A Game at Chesse.*

**F. B.** And for their Sanctimonious Queen's surprizall,  
In that State-puzell, and distracted hurry,  
Trust my *Arch* subtilty with.

**B. Ki.** Oh Eagle pride,  
Neuer was Game more hopefull of our side.

**B. Ki.** If Bishop bul-beise, be not snapt at next bout,  
As the Game stands, I'le neuer trust arte more. *Exeunt*

*Recorder.*

*Dumb shew.*

*Enter Blacke Queenes Pawne with a light, conducting the  
White Queenes Pawne to a Chamber, and fetching in the Blacke  
Bishops Pawne conueyes him to an other, puts out the light, and  
followes.*

*Enter White Knight, and White Duke.*

**VV. Kt.** True noble Duke, faire vertues most indeerd one,  
Let vs preuent their ranke insinuation,  
With truth of cause, and cunning meet their plots:  
With confident goodnes, that shal strike them grauling.

**VV. D.** (Sir) all the Gyns, traps, and alluring snares,  
The Diuell ha's bin at worke since eighty eight,  
Are layd for the great hope of this Game onely.

**W. Kt.** The more noble will Truths triumphs bee,  
When they haue wound about our constant courages,  
The glittering serpent, that e're false-hood fashioned;  
And glorying most, in his resplendent poysons,  
Iust Heauen can finde a bolt to bruiſe his head.

**VV. D.** Looke would see destruction lie a sunning?  
In yonder smile fits blood, and treachery basking, *Ent.*  
In that perfidious modell of face falsehood: **B. Ki.**  
Hell is drawne grinning.

**VV. K.** What a payne it is  
For Truth to faine a little?

**B. Ki.** Oh faire Knight,  
The rising glory of the House of *Candor*,  
Haue I so many protestations lost?

**Loft**



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Lost, lost, quite lost, am I not worth your confidence?  
I that haue voyed the faculties of Soule,  
Life, spirit, and braine, to your sweet Game of youth,  
(Your noble fruitfull Game) can you mistrust  
Any foule play in me? that haue bin euer  
The most subinisse obseruers of your vertues,  
And no way taunted with ambition.  
(Saue onely to be thought your first admirer,  
How often haue I chang'd (for your delight)  
The Royall Presentation of my place?  
Into a minicke Iester, and become  
(For your sake, and the expulsion of sad thoughts)  
Of a great state sicke, a light sonne of pastime,  
Made three score yeare a Tomboy, a meere wanton,  
Ile tell you what I told a (*Sauoy*) dame once:  
New Wed, high, plumph, and lusting for an issue,  
Within the yeare I promis'd her a childe,  
If she would stride ouer (*Saint Rumbants*) breeches,  
A relique kept at *Methlin*, the next morning  
One of my follovers old hose was conueyed  
Into her chamber, where she tride the feate,  
By that, and a Court friend, after grew great.

*W. Kt.* Why who could be without thee?

*B. Kt.* I will change,  
To please you, to any shape, and my ayme  
Has bin to win your loue, in all this game.

*W. Kt.* Thou hast it nobly, and I long to see,  
the *Blacke-house* pleasure, state and dignity!

*B. Kt.* Of honor you'll so surfet and delight,  
You'll nere desire agen to see the Whit. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Whit Queene.*

*W. Q.* My loue, my hope, my deereft, oh he's gon,  
Entrapt, ensnard, surpris'd amongst the blacke on's,  
I neuer felt extremity like this,  
Thicke darknesse dwels vpon this houre, Integrity

Like



## *A Game at Chess.*

Like one of Heauens bright Luminaries now,  
By errors dullest element interpose,  
Suffers a blacke eclipse, I neuer was  
More sicke of loue then now I am of horror:  
I shalbe taken, the games lost, I'me set vpon:  
Oh tis the turne-coate Bishop, hauing watched  
Th'advantage of his play, comes now to seize on me:  
Oh! I'me hard be set, distressed most miserable.

*F. B.* Tis in vaine to stirre, remooue which way you can:  
I take you now, this is the time we haue hop'd for,  
Queene you must downe.

*W. Q.* No rescue, no deliuerer.

*F. B.* The blacke Kings blood burnes for thy prostitution,  
And nothing but the spring of thy chaste vertue  
Can coole his inflammation: instantly  
He dyes vpon a plurisie of Luxury,  
If he deflower thee not. *Enter white Bishop.*

*W. Q.* Oh streight of misery.

*VV. B.* And is your holinesse his diuine procurer?

*F. B.* The diuells in't, I'me taken by a Ring-doue:  
VVhere stood this Bishop all this while, that I saw him not?

*W. B.* Oh you were so ambitious you lookt ouer me,  
You aym'd at no lesse person, then the Queene  
(The glory of the Game) if she were wonne,  
The way were open to the Master-Checque,  
Which(looke you) he and his, liues to giue you:  
Honor and vertue guide him in his station. *Ent. VV. King.*

*W. Q.* Oh, my safe sanctuary.

*VV. Ki.* Let Heauens blessings  
Be no longer mine, then I am thy sure one:  
The Doves house is not safer in the Rocke,  
Then thou in my firme bosome.

*VV. Q.* I am blest in't.

*VV. Ki.* Is it that lumpe of ranke ingratitude,  
Swell'd with the poyson of Hypocrisie:

I

Could



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Could he be so malicious, h'as pertaken  
Of the sweet fertile blessings of our Kingdome, Bishop  
Thou hast done our White House gracious seruice,  
And worthy the faire reuerence of thy place:  
For (thee black Holinesse) that workes out thy death,  
As the blind Moale the prop'rest sonne of earth,  
Who in casting his ambitious hills vp,  
Is often taken and destroyed in the midst  
Of his aduanc'd worke: 'twere well with thee,  
If like that verminous labourer, which thou imitatest  
In hills of pride and malice, when death puts thee vp,  
The silent graue might prooue the bag for euer:  
No deeper pit then that for thy vaine hope  
Of the white Knight, and his most firme assistant,  
Two princely peeces, which I know thy thoughts  
Giue lost for euer now, my strong assurance  
Of their fixt vertues, could you let in seas  
Of populous vntruthes against that Fort,  
'Twould burst the proudest billowes.

*W. Q.* My feare's past then.

*VV. Ki.* Feare? you were neuer guilty of an injury  
To goodnesse, but in that.

*W. Q.* It stayd not with me (sir.)

*W. Ki.* It was too much, if it vsurp'd a thought,  
Place a strong guard there.

*W. Q.* Confidence is set (sir.)

*W. Ki.* Take that prize hence (you reuerend of men)  
Put couetousnes into the bag againe.

*F. B.* The Bag had need be sound, or it goes to wracke,  
Sinne and my weight will make a strong one cracke.

*Finit Actus Quartus.*



## A Game at Chesse.

*Incipit Quintus, et Vlmus.*

*Enter the Blacke Knight in his Litter, as passing in hast  
over the Stage.*

*B. Kt.*

**H**Old, hold,  
Is the blacke Bishops pawne, the Iesuite  
Planted for his consecration?

*B. .p. Ecce triumphanti, Me fixum Casaris Arte.*

*B. Kt.* Art there (my holy boy) firah, Bishop  
Tumbrle is snapt ith' Bag by this time.

*B. B. p. Heretici pereant sic.*

*B. Kt.* All Latin: Sure the Oration hath infected him:  
Away, away make hast: they are comming.

*Enter B. Ki. Q. D. and B. Kt. with Pawnes,  
meeting the W. Kt. and Duke: the blacke  
Bishops pawne from above, entertaines  
him with this Lattin Oration.*

*B. B. p. Si quid mortalibus, in unquam oculis hilarem  
Et gratum aperuit diem: Si quid permantibus  
Amicorum Animis gaudium attulet perperitur  
Letitiam (Eques candidissime pralucentissime,  
Falscem profecto tuum a Domo Candoris ad Domum  
Nigritudinis Accessum promississe peperisse, attulisse fatemur:  
Omnes aduentus Tui Conflagrantissimi, omni qua  
Possumus letitia, Gaudio, Congratulatione, Acclamatione  
Animis observantissimis, Affectibus deuotissimis, obsequijs  
Venerabundis Te Sospitum congratulamur?*

*B. Ki.* (Sir) in this short congratulatory speech,  
You may conceiue how the whole House affects you.

*B. Kt.* The Colledges and Sanctimonious seed plots.

*W. Ki.* 'Tis cleare and so acknowledged royoll (Sir.)



## *A Game at Chesse.*

**B. Kt.** What Honors, Pleasures, Rarities, Delights  
Your noble thought can thinke.

**B. Q.** Your faire eye fix on  
That's comprehended in the spacious circuit  
Of our blacke Kingdome, they are your seruants all.

**W. Kt.** How amply you indeere vs?

**W. D.** They are fauours that equally enrich the Royall Giuer.  
As the receiuer in the free donation.

**B. Kt.** Harke,  
To inlarge your welcome : from all parts  
Is heard sweet-sounding aires, abstruse things  
Open of voluntary freenes : And yond Altar,  
The seate of adoration, seemes t'adore,  
The vertues you bring with you.

**W. Kt.** Ther's a taste of the old vessell still.

**W. D.** The erronious relish.

*Musicke :*

*An Altar is  
discouered  
with Tapers,  
and Images  
standing on  
each side.*

### *Song.*

*Wonder worke some strange delight  
(This place was neuer yet without)  
To welcome thee the faire White House Knight,  
And to bring our hopes about,  
May from the Altar Flames aspire,  
Those Tapers set themselves on fire.  
May senselesse things our ioyes approoue,  
And those brazen Statues mooue :  
Quickned by some Power aboue,  
Or what more strange to shew our Loue.*

*The Images  
mooue in a  
Dance.*

**B. Kt.** A happy Omen waytes vpon this houre,  
All moue portentuously the Right-hand way.

**B. Kt.** Come let's set free all most choyse delights,  
That euer adorn'd Dayes or quickn'd Nights.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



## *A Game at Chess.*

*Enter White Q. p. and the Blacke B. p. the Iesuit in his reuerend Habit meeting them.*

*W.Q. p.* I see t'was but a triall of my duty now,  
Has a more modest minde, and in that vertue  
Most worthely hath Fate prouided for me,  
Hah! tis the bad-man in the Reuerend habit,  
Dares he be seene agen? Traytor to Holinesse,  
Oh marble fronted Impudence, and knowes,  
How ill 'has vs'd? I'me asham'd he blushes not,

*B.B.p.* Are you yet stoard with any womans pittie?  
Are you the Mistris of so much Deuotion?  
Kindnesse, and Charity? as to bestow  
An Almes of Loue on your poore sufferer yet  
For your sake onely?

*W. Q.p.* (Sir) for the reuerend respect you ought  
To giue to Sanctity (though none to me)  
In being her seruant vow'd, and weare her liuery,  
(If I might counsell) you should neuer speake,  
The language of vnchastity in that habit:  
You will not thinke how ill it do's with you,  
The world's a stage on which all parts are played,  
You'd thinke it most absurd to see a Diuell  
Presented there not in a Diuells shape,  
Or wanting one, to send him out in yours,  
You'd rayle at that for an absurdity,  
No Colledge ere committed, for Decorum sake then  
For pitties cause, for sacred vertues honor,  
If you'l persist still in your diulish part,  
Present him as you should, and let one  
That carryes vp the goodnesse of the play,  
Come in that habit: and Ile speake with him,  
Then will the parts be fitted, and the spectators  
Know which is which, they must haue cunning iudgments,  
To finde it else, for such a one as you  
Is able to deceiue a mighty Auditory.



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Nay those you have seduc't (if there be any  
In the assembly) if they see what manner  
You play the Game with me, they cannot loue you.  
Is there so little hope of you to smile (sir)

B.B.p. Yes at your feares, at th'ignorance of your power  
The little vse you make of time (youths fortune)  
Knowing you haue a Husband for lusts shelter,  
You dare not yet make bold with a friends comfort:  
This is the plague of weaknes.

W.Q.p. So hot burning?  
The siliables of sinne, flie from his lipps,  
As if the letter came new cast from Hell.

B.B.p. Well setting aside the dish you loue so much,  
(which hath bin heartily tasted by your betters)  
I come to marry you to the gentleman  
That last inioyd you, I hope that pleaseth you.  
Ther's no immodest relish in that office.

W.Q.p. Strange of all men he should light on him,  
To tye that holy knote that sought to vndoe me,  
Were you requested to performe that busines (sir)

B.B.p. I name you a sure toaken.

W.Q.p. As for that (sir)  
Now you're most welcom, and my faire hopes of you  
You'd neuer breake the sacred knote you tyde once,  
With any lewd solicitings hereafter.

B.B.p. But all the crafts in getting of it knit,  
You are all one fire to make your coulning market,  
I am the marrier and the man, do you know me?  
Do you know me: nice Iniquity? strict luxurie?  
And holy whoredome, I would clap on marriage  
With all hot speede to solder vp the Game?  
So what a strong Fate hath prouided for thee,  
You were a maid, sweare still you'r no worse now:  
I left you as I found you, haue I startled you?  
I'me quit with you now for my discovery,

You



## *A Game at Chess.*

Your outcries, and your Cunning, farwell brookage.

*W.Q.p.* Nay stay, and heare me but giue thanks a Little (if your care can endure a worke so gracious,  
Then you may take your pleasure.

*B.B.p.* I haue done that.

*W.Q.p.* That power that hath preferued me from this diuell.

*B.B.p.* How?

*W.Q.p.* This that may challenge the chiefe chaire in Hell,  
And sit aboue his Master.

*B.B.p.* Bring in merrit.

*W.Q.p.* That sufferest him through blind lust to be led,  
Last night to the action of some common bed.

*B.Q.p.* Not ouer common neither. *Black Queens*

*B.B.p.* Hah! what voice was that? *p.within.*

*W.Q.p.* Of virgins be thou euer honored.

Now you may go, you heare I haue giuen thanks (fir)

*B.B.p.* Here is a strangt Game indeed, did not I lie with you.

*B.Q.p.* No. *Within.*

*B.B.p.* What a diuell art thou?

*B.Q.p.* I will not answer you (fir)  
After thanks-giuing.

*B.B.p.* You made promise to me  
After the contract.

*B.Q.p.* Yes. *Within.*

*B.B.p.* Mischiefe confound thee,  
I speake not to thee: and you were prepared for't,  
And set your ioyes more heigh.

*B.Q.p.* Then you could reach (fir) *Within.*

*B.B.p.* This is some bawdy P.i'le slit the throat on't.

*B.Q.p.* What me your bedfellow, *Enter Black*  
To one that workes so kindly without rape. *Q.p.*

*B.B.p.* My bedfellow.

*B.Q.p.* Do you plant your scorne against me?  
Why, when I was *Probationer at Braxels.*

*That*



## *A Game at Chess.*

That Engine was not knowne; then Adoration  
Fild the place, and wonder was in fashion.  
Is't turn'd to the wilde seede of contempt so soone?  
Can 5 yeares stamp a baud? pray looke vpon me (fir)  
I'me youth enough to take it, 'tis no longer,  
Since you were chiefe agent for the transportation  
Of Ladies Daughters, if you be remembred,  
Some of their portions I could name, you purf'd em too  
They were soone disposselt of worldly cares,  
Thas came into your fingers.

B.B.p. Shall I heare her?

B.Q.p. Holy dirision yes, till thy eares swell  
With thy owne venome, thy prophaine lifes vomit:  
Whose Neice was she you poysond with child twice,  
And gaue her out possess'd with a foule Spirit  
When t'was indeed your Bastard?

B.B.p. I am taken  
In mine owne toyles.

*Enter White  
Bishops Pawne.*

W.B.p. Yes, and tis iust you should be.

W.Q.p. And thou lewd *Pawne*, the shame of Womanhood.

B.B.p. I'me lost of all hands.

B.Q.p. I cannot feele  
The weight of my affection: now hee's taken,  
It hath not the burthen of a Grasshopper.

B.B.p. Thou whore of order, cockatrice in *Voto*.

*Enter B.  
Kt.p.*

B.Kt.p. Yonder's the Whit Bishops pawne, Ile play at's heart.

W.Q.p. Oh bloody villain, would'st thou heape a mur- (now  
On thy first foule offences? O merciles bloodhound (der,  
'Tis time that thou wert taken.

B.K. p. Death preuented.

W.Q.p. For thy sake, and that partner in thy shame,  
Ale neuer know man further then by Name.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



## *A Game at Chesse.*

*Enter Blacke King, Queene, Duke and Blacke Knight,  
white Knight, and white Duke.*

*W. Kt.* You haue enricht my knowledge royall (fir)  
And my content together.

*B. Kt.* Steed of royot,  
We set you onely welcome, surfeit is  
A thing that's fildom heard of in these parts.

*W. Kt.* I heare of the more vertue when I misse on't.

*B. Kt.* We do not vse to bury in our bellies,  
Two hundred thousand duckets, and then boast on't:  
Or exercise the old Romaine painefull idlenesse,  
With care of fetching fishes farre from home,  
The golden headed Coracine out of Egypt:  
The Salpa from Ebusis, or the Pelamis,  
Which some call summer whiting from Calcedon:  
Salmons from Aquitayne, Helops from Rhodes:  
Cockles from Chyos, franckt and salted vp,  
With Far and Sapa flower, and cockted wine,  
We cram no birds nor Epicurian like,  
Enclose some creekes oth sea, as Sergius Crata did,  
Hee, that inuented the first stewes for Oysters,  
And other sea fish? who besides the pleasure of his  
Owne throate, got large reuenewes by the inuention,  
Whose fat example the nobility followed;  
Nor do we immitate that Arch Gormandizer,  
With twenty two courses at a Dinner;  
And betwixt euery course, hee and guesse  
Washt, and vs'd women, then sat down and strengthn'd:  
Lust swimming in their dishes, which no sooner  
Was tasted, but was ready to be vented.

*W. Kt.* Most impious Epicures.

*B. Kt.* We commend rather  
Of two extreames the parsimonie of Pertinax,  
Who had halfe Lettices set vp to serue againe,  
Or his successor Iulian, that would make



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Three meales of a leane Hare, and after sup  
With a greene fig, and wipe his beard (as we can)  
The old bewaylers of excesse in those dayes  
Complain'd there were more coyne bid for a  
Cooke then for a Warre-horse; but now Cookes are  
Purchased after the rate of Tryumphant, and some  
Dishes after the rate of Cookes, which must needes  
Make some of th' white house gormundizers, especially  
Your wealthy plumpe Plebeians, like the Hogges  
Which *Scaliger* cites, that could not mooue for fat,  
So insensible of either pricke or goade,  
That Mice made goles to needle in their buttockes  
And they nere felt em: There was once a ruler  
*Cyrenes* Gouvernour choakt with his owne paunch,  
Which death, fat *Sanctius* King of *Castile*, fearing  
Through his infinite masse of belly, rather chose  
To be kild suddenly, by a pernicious herbe  
Taken to make him leane, which old *Cordeba*  
King of *Morocco* counselled his feare too,  
Then hee would hazard to be stung to death,  
As that huge Cormorant that was choakt before him.

*W. Kt.* Well you are as found a spokes-man for parsimony,  
And cleare abstinence, and scarce one meale a day  
As euer spake with tongue.

*B. Ki.* Censure him mildle (sir) 'twas but to finde discourse.

*B. Q.* Heele talke of any thing.

*W. Kt.* I shall be halfe a fraide to feede hereafter.

*W. D.* Or I beshrew my heart: for I feare fatnesse,  
The fogge of fatnesse as I feare a Dragon:  
The comlinessse I wish for, that's as glorious.

*W. Kt.* Your course is wondrous strict: I should transgresse (sir)  
Were I to change my side (as you haue wrought me.)

*B. Kt.* How you misprize? tis not ment to you-ward:  
You that are wound vp to the hight of feedinh,  
By clime and custome are dispenc'd withall,

You.



## A Game at Chesse.

You may eate, Cabrito, Calfe, and Ton's :  
Eate, and eate euery day, twice if you please.  
Nay, the frank'd hen, fatted with Milke and Corne,  
A ryot which the Inhabitants of *Delos*  
Were first inventers of : or the cramb'd Cockle.

*W. Kt.* Well for the foode I'me happily resolu'd in ;  
But for the dyet of my disposition,  
There comes a trouble you will hardly finde  
Food to please that.

*B. Kt.* It must be a strange nature,  
We cannot finde a dish for't, hauing *Policy*  
(The Maister Cooke of Christendome) to dresse it.  
Pray name your natures dyet,

*VV. Kt.* The first messe, is hot Ambition.

*B. Kt.* That's but seru'd in puff-paste :  
Alas, the meanest of our Cardinalls Cookes  
Can dresse that dinner : Your Ambition (sir)  
Can fetch no further compasse then the World ?

*VV. Kt.* Thats certaine (Sir.)

*B. Kt.* Wee are about that already,  
And in the large feast of our vast Ambition,  
We count but the white Kingdome (whence you came from)  
The Garden for our Cooke, to picke his Sallads :  
The food's leane *France* larded with *Germany* ;  
Before which comes the the Graue, chaff Signiory  
Of *Venice*, seru'd in (Capon-like) in White-broth :  
From our chiefe Oven *Italy* the bake-meates :  
*Savoy* the Salte : *Genena* the chip'd Manchet.  
Below the Salte, the *Netherlands* are plac'd ;  
A common dish at lower end a'th table,  
For meaner pride to fall too. For our second course,  
A spit of *Portugals* seru'd in for Plouers :  
*Indians* and *Moores* for blacke-birds : all this while  
*Holland* stands ready melted to make sawce,  
Onall occasions, when the Voyder comes ;



## *A Game at Chesse.*

And with such cheare our full hopes wee suffice,  
Zealand saies grace, for fashon when we rise.

*W. Kt.* Her's meat enough in conscience for ambition

*B. Kt.* If there be any want there is *Swisserland*,  
*Polonia*, and such pickled things will serue  
To furnish out the table.

*W. Kt.* You say well (sir)

But there's the misery, when I ha stopt the mouth  
Of one vice, ther's another stands gaping for food.  
I'me as couetous as a barren wombe,  
Th e graue, or what's more rauenuous?

*B. Kt.* Wee're for you (sir)

Call you that hanousnesse, that is good husbandry?

Why when we make mony of our faith, our prayers,

We make make the very death bed buy her comforts,

Most dearely pay for all her pious Counfells,

Leaue rich reuennues for a few weakc orizons:

Or else they passe vnreconciled without em,

Did you but view the vaults within our Monesteries,

You'de sweare then Pluto (whom the fiction calls)

The Lord of riches, were entomb'd there.

*W. Kt.* Is it possible.

*B. D.* You cannot walke for Tuns.

*W. D.* But how shall I bestow the vice I bring, sir,

You quite forget me, I shall be shut out,

By your strickt key of life.

*A. Kt.* Is yours so vild (Sir)

*W. D.* Some that are pleas'd to make a wanton on't;

Call it infirmity of blood, flesh frailty;

But certaine ther's a worse name in your booke for't.

*B. Kt.* The trifle of all vices, the meere innocent,

The very nouice of this house of clay, verily

If I but hug thee hard, I shew the worst on't,

Tis all the fruite we haue heere after supper:

Nay, at the ruines of a Nunnery once,

Sir



## *A Game at Chesse.*

Six thousand Infants heads found in a fish-pond.

*W. D.* How?

*B. Kt.* I, how? how came they thither thinke you?  
*Huldricke* Bishop of *Ausberg* in's Epistle  
To *Nicholas* the first, can tell you how,  
(May be hee was at cleansing of the pond)  
I can but smile to thinke, how it would puzzle  
All mother maides that euer liuer in those parts,  
To know their owne childe's head; but is this all?

*B. D.* Are you ours yet?

*W. Kt.* One more, and I am silenc'ft:  
But this that comes now will diuide vp questionlesse  
Tis ten times, ten times, worse then the fore-runners.

*B. Kt.* Is it so vilde, there is no name ordain'd for't?  
Toads haue their titles, and creation gaue  
Serpents, and Adders those names to be knowne by.

*W. Kt.* This of all others beares the hidden'ft poyson,  
The smoothest venome, I am an Arch-dissembler.

*B. Kt.* How.

*W. Kt.* Tis my natures braine turne from me (sir,)  
The time is yet to come, that ere I spoake  
What my heart meant.

*B. Kt.* And call you that a vice:  
Auoide all prophanation, I beseech you;  
The onely prime-state vertue vppon earth,  
The policy of Empires, oh take heede (Sir)  
For feare it take displeasure and forsake you,  
Tis a Jewell of that precious vallue,  
Whose worth's not known, but to the skilful Lapidary  
The instrument that pickes ope Princes hearts,  
And lockes vp our from them, with the same motion:  
You neuer came so neere our soules till now.

*B. D.* Now you're a brother to vs.

*B. Kt.* What we haue done, has bin dissemblance euer.

*W. Kt.* There you lye then:



## *A Game at Chesse.*

And the Games ours, wee giue the checke mate  
By discouery, King the noblest mate of all.

*B. Kt.* I'me lost, I'me taken.

*A great shout*

*W. Kt.* Ambitious, couetous, luxurious falshood, *and flourish.*

*W. D.* Dissembler, that includes all.

*B. Kt.* All hopes confounded.

*B. Q.* Miserable condition.

*Enter W. King, W. Queene with their Pawns.*

*W. Kt.* Oh let my armes be blest,

With this deare treasure,

Truths glorious Master-peece, see Queene of sweetnes

He's in my bosome safe, and this faire Structure

Of comely honor, his true blest assistant.

*W. Q.* May their Integrities euer possesse  
That powerfull Sanctuary.

*W. Kt.* As'twas a Game (Sir)

Won with much hazard, so with much more triumph,

I gaue him checke mate by discouery (sir.)

*W. Kt.* Obscurity is now the fittest fauour

Falshood can sue for: it well suites Perdition,

Tis their best course that so hath lost their fame,

To put their heads into the bagge for shame;

And there behold the bags mouth (like hell) opens

To take her due; and the lost sonnes appeare,

Greedily gaping for increase of fellowship

In infamy, the last desire of wretches

Aduancing their perdition, branded fore-heads

Like Envies issue, or a bed of Snakes.

*B. B. p.* Tis too apparent the Game's lost, King taken.

*F. B.* The white House has giuen vs the bag (I thank em.)

*1st. p.* They'd neede haue giuen you a whole bag

By your selfe,

Sfoot this blacke bishop has so ouer layd me,

So squelch'd and squeasde mee, I haue no Verjuce

Let in me, you shall find all my goodnesse if you

*The Bag  
opens, the  
B. B. slides  
in it.*

*Looke*



## *A Game at Chess.*

Looke fort in the bottome of the Bagge.

*F. B.* Thou Male-part Pawne,  
The Bishop must haue roome, he will haue roome,  
And roome to lye at pleasure.

*Iest. p.* All the Bagge I thinke  
Is roome too little for your Spalletto paunch.

*B. B. p.* Downe viper of our Order, I abhorre thee,  
Thou't shewe thy whorish front.

*B. Q. p.* Yes, monster Holinesse.

*W. Kt.* Contention in the bag? is hell deuided.

*W. Kt.* You'd neede haue some of Maiesty and Power,  
To keepe good rule amongst you, make roome Bishop.

*F. B.* I am not easily mooued, when I'me once set,  
I scorne to stirre for any King on earth.

*W. Q.* Heere comes the Queene, what say you then to her?

*F. B.* Indeede a Queenemay make a Bishop stirre.

*W. Kt.* Roome for the greatest Machiaull Politician,  
That ere the Diuell hatch'd of a Nuns-egge.

*F. B.* He'le picke a hole in the bagge, and get out shortly:  
I'me sure to be the last man that creepes out;  
And thats the misery of greatnesse euer.

*W. D.* Roome for a sun-burn'd, Tanzy fac'd belou'd,  
An Oliue couloured *Ganimes*; and thats all  
Thats worth the bagging.

*F. B.* Crowd in all you can,  
The Bishop will be still vppermost man  
Mauger King, Queene, or Politician.

*W. Kt.* So let the Bagge close now (the fittest wombe  
For Treachery, Pride and Falshoold, whilst we winner like)  
Destroying through Heauens power, what would destroy;  
Welcome our white Knight with loud peales of Ioy.

## Epilogue.



# Epilogue.

**M**Y Mistresse (the Whit Queene) hath sent me forth,  
And bad me bow thus low, to all of Worth,  
That are true Friends of the White House and Cause,  
Which She hopes most of this assembly drawes:  
For any else, by Envies marke deuoted,  
To those night-Glow-wormes in the Bagge denoted;  
Where ere they sit, stand, or in priuate lurke,  
They'le be soone knowne by their deprauing worke:  
But She's assur'd, what they'le commit to bayne,  
Her white Friends hands will build vp faire againe.

**F F N I S.**



